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"ANGLO-FRENCH RELATIONS"—*By Arnold White*

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XLIV.—No. 2251
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1900

TEN CENTS A COPY
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

ARRIVAL OF THE AMBULANCE-TRAIN AT ORANGE RIVER CAMP FROM THE FIELD HOSPITAL AT MODDER RIVER.

DRAWN BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, FEBRUARY 10, 1900

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4 00 a Year, in Advance

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

NEW YORK CITY: Franklin Square

LONDON: 45 Albemarle Street, W

Negro Education

IT is a singular fact that while those who are thinking most intensely, and presumably most accurately, on the race problem agree that the solution must be worked out slowly through education, some of the politicians and leaders in the South are contemplating a policy of destroying or limiting the means for the teaching of the negro. The Superintendent of Education for Virginia, for example, has declared that "negro education is a failure," and there is now before the Legislature of Mississippi a proposition to divide the school funds between the whites and blacks in proportion to the taxes paid by them respectively. This is the practical manner in which it is intended to deprive the negro of the South of at least part of such of the advantages of free schools as he now enjoys. The argument, and doubtless the conscientious belief, of many Southern whites is that the burden is too heavy upon them, and that all the money they can afford for school purposes is needed for the instruction of the white children. It is entirely unnecessary to attribute a sinister motive to all the people who wish to cut down the school moneys for the negro children, thereby to increase the appropriation for the white children. The truth is that in some sections of the South, especially in remote agricultural regions where the negro is most feared, the white children, under existing conditions, receive actually less schooling than the negro children. The professed cause of this, as it has been stated by a Southern woman in these columns, is that the girls of the neighborhood dare not go to school alone; and therefore, in harvest-time, when the big boys cannot go with them, they perforce remain at home. In many other sections the poverty of the people makes any taxation onerous; and the whites naturally, in their desire to decrease their public burden, think first of cutting off the appropriation for negro schools.

It is true that the safety of the girls in neighborhoods where the blacks are feared is not to be assured by the closing of schools for the blacks; and the conditions that lessen their educational opportunities will, to say the least, not be improved. On the contrary, the danger will be aggravated and illiteracy increased if the blacks are to be further brutalized by condemning them to a permanent state of ignorance. And it is here that we touch the vital error in the proposition to decrease the existing opportunity enjoyed by the negroes for education.

Mr. T. THOMAS FORTUNE, to whom both races and both sections of the country are deeply indebted, in a letter to the New York *Sun* exposes the folly of the Mississippi proposition, saying: "As far as the Mississippi scheme of dividing the school funds is concerned, she may try it if she wants to; but before she reaches the end of the chapter she will discover that it is vastly cheaper to build school-houses than to build jails, to support school-teachers than to support constables and a militia force to put down the criminals reared in the school of illiteracy and State illiberality."

Mr. FORTUNE points his moral with statistics, which show that education has already worked wonders for the race that was in slavery and in the blackest compulsory ignorance thirty years ago. The negro has never had a perfectly fair proportion of the school moneys. For example, while the blacks constituted 26 per cent. of the average attendance in the Southern States and the District of Columbia in 1896–7, only 20 per cent. of the total school expenditure was devoted to them. Since 1870 the blacks, according to Mr. FORTUNE, have received about $100,000,000 of the $515,000,000 expended on the Southern public schools, and yet of the 27,435 teachers employed in the Afro-American schools, 99 per cent. are negroes who have been brought out of the bondage of darkness and educated in the very schools where they now teach. This fact alone is quite sufficient to confound the generalization of the Virginia Superintendent of Education.

It is true that in the South a much larger percentage of the blacks than of the whites are found in the prisons. It is also true that in the South white criminals escape punishment oftener than negroes, and that the actual normal difference between the races is not accurately shown by this comparison. Still, it is true that the negro is the worst element in the South, and that the negro children who avail themselves of school privileges are, proportionally to the total school population, fewer than the whites. But the difference is really very slight. The enrolled blacks constitute about 52 per cent. of their total, while the enrolled whites are 68 per cent. of theirs. The statistics of average attendance show even a slighter difference. It is 62 per cent. for the blacks, and 68 per cent. for the whites.

When the differences in heredity, home and social influences, and opportunities for the ambitions are considered, and when we remember the condition of the blacks at the end of the civil war, these statistics marshalled by Mr. FORTUNE indicate an enormous intellectual advance. These are facts that cannot be wiped out, any more than can the existence of the children of slaves, who are preaching, practising law and medicine, conducting business enterprises, writing for and editing newspapers, cultivating farms, and, what is becoming of greater and greater importance in the South, carrying on skilled trades. The instructed negro may be only half educated, it is true, but the race is marching upward. The storm and stress period of the South is still upon it. The curse of slavery has not yet been removed. But it is clear that the schools are sending the light into the dark places, and that anything that shuts off or reduces the brilliancy of the light is inimical not only to the negro, but to the whites themselves, to the South, and to the whole country.

IT matters little that WILLIAM GOEBEL is the victim of a Frankenstein of his own creation. The assassination is a deplorable climax to a fight of unusual bitterness, out of which the friends of Kentucky were hoping the commonwealth might emerge with a record that would confound her detractors. Despite the heights to which party passions rose in the elections of last autumn, the record of Kentucky as a law-abiding State was equal, and in some cases superior, to that of her sister States. It is disheartening that at the crucial moment, through the act of some cowardly fanatic, the fair fame of a community that had apparently successfully passed through a great moral struggle with its own predilections for crime should be so wofully besmirched. There will be, there has been, voiced in all quarters the severest condemnation for this appalling act of murder, but the pens that seek to hold the State of Kentucky rotten to the core because of the bullet of a dastardly assassin should pause before giving expression to so sweeping an indictment of a community. The act finds nowhere aught of palliation. There is nowhere a word that can be said that detracts from the heinousness of the crime. No act of GOEBEL or of his followers, past, present, or to be anticipated, can be urged in justification of the crime of January 30, but in seeking out the causes and in placing the responsibility for the murder, Kentucky's struggles against her lawless elements must be taken into account, and the commonwealth given due credit for having for so long a period of time held her hordes of violence in check. From one end of the State to the other there is expressed only the deepest abhorrence of the crime, and it all rings with sincerity. While partisan feeling runs high, and is in a state of such excitement that at this writing none may tell to what lengths the people will go, it is evident that no mind that is worthy of consideration harbors any thought but one of sore regret over the incident. High and low the sentiment is the same, and it were a parlous thing for any just man to claim that Kentucky as a commonwealth believes in assassination as an effective or proper method of settling questions of public import.

This is a time for sympathy for a stricken State, not for her condemnation and relegation as a whole to the limbo of the criminal. Meanwhile it is for the State of Kentucky to so order her goings that those who stand by her in her hour of trouble may have no cause to regret it. There are serious times ahead for the commonwealth, but if her wiser and better elements stand firm for law and order, there can be no doubt of the ultimate triumph of the right.

THE complete and striking victory of the Boers at Spion Kop is due to superior generalship on one side and inferior generalship on the other. Thus far, in all the operations in the field the English have been outclassed in leadership, but no troops in the world could perform more daring deeds than those performed by the officers and men of the British line. The war is one of the most awful that the world has ever seen. Each battle-field is a scene of butchery, and the flower of the English army has suffered most. The end is far off, but the empire is resolved to conquer. It must conquer, or peace must be compelled by mediation, if the empire is not to be discredited. No matter on which side one's sympathies may be in this war, we must all agree that the British Empire is a splendid structure, and that the progress of England round the world has been marked by the establishment of the reign of law and order and justice. Any harm that may come to that structure will be an injury to the world and to civilization. It is not necessary that the Boer should go under, but it is absolutely necessary that the British Empire should remain erect.

THE question of taxation as it has been raised in New York by Governor ROOSEVELT'S tax commission is both important and interesting. The main point of controversy, thus far, aside from that on some details as to the proposed tax on State banks and trust companies, touches the proposal to levy a small direct tax on mortgages for the benefit of the State, taxation for local purposes on mortgages being then forbidden. The only objection to this proposition is that the tax will fall upon the mortgageor—that is, upon the real estate—and will thus be a double burden on the owner. The commissioners believed that the incidence of taxation will not fall on the owner of the land, but on the owner of the mortgage. An examination made of mortgages in California sustains this theory; but, on the other hand, the other theory is fortified by the experience of Maryland. In that State, the law taxes mortgages and forbids the holder of the instrument to compel the borrower to pay the tax, directly or indirectly. Nevertheless, the experts of the Baltimore trust companies and savings-banks say that the law is evaded by raising the rates of interest and by other methods, the result being that the tax inevitably falls on the owner of the land. This testimony from Maryland is very likely to have a good deal of effect on the Legislature of New York, whose members are not likely to invite the wrath of the thousands of farmers who think that they are already overtaxed.

THE Atlanta *Constitution*, in a recent issue, inveighs against "The Man Who Knows It All," and with well-directed irony holds him up to ridicule and contempt. The only difficulty in the way of a definite acceptance of the argument of our brilliant Southern contemporary lies in the fact that with a characteristic daring it seeks to locate the egregious omniscient somewhere outside of its own territory. As a matter of fact, "The Man Who Knows It All" is to be found all over the United States—North, South, East, and West. Wherever in this broad land there is a qualified voter, there is "The Man Who Knows It All," and one of him stands behind every ballot that is cast, whether it is counted or not. Wherever there is a male being under twenty-one who may some day become a voter, there also is to be found another who knows it all, or who shortly will; and in many quarters, too, are not only these men and youths gifted with omniscience, but here and there a Woman Who Knows It All lifts up her voice and tells It to us. It is this quality of self-confidence that has made the American citizen so successful an individual in the battle of life. Knowledge is power, and the man who possesses it to its utmost limit should be, and often is, able to control his own destinies. The irritation caused in some quarters by the pronouncements of Men Who Know It All is very easily accounted for, since differences in relation to definitely ascertained facts are always exasperating to the one who is placed on the defensive. But to attack an individual, or a set of individuals, for knowing everything, and treating with drastic scorn a specified community for giving them succor, is, in our judgment, a mistake.

It is The Man Who Knows More Than All who should be flayed instead, and he sometimes is; *vide* the recent experience of Mr. PETTIGREW in the United States Senate.

ANGLO-FRENCH RELATIONS

by ARNOLD WHITE

BROADLY speaking, the frame of mind cherished by Frenchmen towards England is one of dislike bordering on hatred; that of Englishmen towards France, one of supercilious amusement bordering on contempt. This fact is shown in half a dozen ways; among others by the newspapers of the respective countries, where violent and unfair denunciation of England and the English on one side of the Channel, and a chilling scorn of France and depreciation of French institutions, habits, customs, and manners on the other, are everywhere apparent. France does not profess to understand England. Englishmen make no attempt to penetrate beneath the surface of their neighbors' conduct. Of the two rivals' methods of expressing national antipathy, supercilious contempt is far more galling to a high-spirited people whose provincial character and Latin blood render them particularly sensitive to blunt criticism. The average Frenchman desires to shine, and likes to seem to shine. The average Englishman is callous to invective. Abuse does not sting and torture John Bull in the same way that it affects the temperament of Jean Crapaud. No insults of the Continental press attracted the slightest attention in England until a fourth-rate French newspaper caricatured, in a particularly obscene and offensive manner, the sacred person of the Queen. To the average Frenchman the Queen of England is a fat old woman hedged round by no divinity, drawing an enormous salary, and placed at the head of a series of systematic shams which, taken in combination, form the absurd and dishonest system known as British Empire. The Queen of England to the average Englishman, even if he has never seen her, is the most dignified figure in

THEIR MUTUAL ATTITUDE.

history. For eighty years the fierce light that beats upon a throne has revealed nothing unworthy, nothing base; while a thousand acts of womanly kindness have endeared the throne to the people because of their attachment to its occupant. The England of Shakspere, of Elizabeth, of William of Orange, the traditions of the French wars, the glories of the growing empire, and splendor of the command of the sea are all embodied in the Queen. That the French should have singled out their Queen—the loneliest figure in Europe—for insult and foul contumely exasperates the English with the French, even though the vast majority of the latter disapprove of the enterprise of their own gutter journals.

The French press, however, reflects the general ignorance of foreign affairs so conspicuous in France. Inhabitants of the most delightful country in the world, there is neither the reason nor the inducement for Frenchmen to think of things outside France to the extent that the average Englishmen are compelled to do. It is the exception for an English family not to have a son, a cousin, or a nephew as a colonist, a soldier, or a sailor. The consequence is that there is a rough general knowledge of foreign affairs diffused through the people of England, which, however imperfect, is different in kind from anything of the sort in France. The French press, for example, daily informs its readers that Mr. Chamberlain is anxious for war with France; that England has built up her empire by a judicious combination of hypocrisy and cunning; that the people of India are subject to frightful oppression; that the British army is entirely composed of mercenaries; that the British revenues are fed by the colonies, India, and Egypt; that British women are the ugliest in the world, that they all have long teeth which protrude, large feet, and no figures; and, finally, that Anglo-Saxondom and all that is represented by the cold morning tub, five-o'clock tea, and other British institutions, is the enemy of humanity. Popular French newspapers preach these sentiments year in, year out. The mass of Frenchmen have no independent knowledge to bring to bear as a corrective to the information they glean from their newspapers, and the Anglophobe penmen of Paris wield great influence over the minds of the population. On the other hand, the English press is by no means so well informed about France as it believes itself to be. The average pressman knows nothing whatever of provincial France, which is the strength and glory of the French nation. Fleet Street judges Gaul by a little bit of the Parisian boulevard. It instils in the English mind fallacies about France fully as erroneous as those which are rife across the water on the subject of England. It holds that all Frenchmen are immoral; the French army especially As a matter of fact, the statistics of disease show that the English army in India is about twenty times as immoral as the "immoral" French army. The average English writer disbelieves in the domesticity of the average French home, the fact being that the French woman, whether as mother, wife, or lover, is the most perfect the world contains. The family affection of the French people is shown particularly in the provinces, where a simpler life, a healthier existence, harder work, and higher ideals prevail than among similar classes in England. The average French boy works harder at school, is more advanced in his studies at the same age, and makes more of a friend of his mother than the English boy, while the logical faculty and mathematical lucidity of the French mind give to the educated classes far greater power of articulation and expression than on our side of the water. Nevertheless, the average Englishman reads half a dozen newspapers, and comes in contact with as many spheres of opinion. In France it is rare for the average man to read more than one newspaper. It has been truly said that the Englishman reads *the* newspaper, the Frenchman *his* newspaper. The silent power of the dogmatic editor in France is, therefore, immeasurably greater than that of English or American publicists.

It would, however, be a mistake to gauge the unpopularity and growing misunderstanding between the two peoples merely by the sentiments expressed in their newspapers. In common with the rest of the Latin race, the Frenchman, when annoyed, indulges in gesticulation and a tropical luxuriance of vituperation, the scope of which exceeds anything of the kind to be found north of the Channel. Where a Frenchman throws himself about, wrings his hands, and calls upon the gods and his mother and everything he holds most sacred, an Anglo-Saxon would substitute a quiet protest. The great mass of the people dislike England, it is true, but it is questionable whether they entertain the mordant hatred so loudly voiced in their most popular newspapers. With the exception of the coast population of Brittany, where almost every family cherishes the remembrance of an ancestor imprisoned and half starved on the Portsmouth hulks during the great war, or killed in some forgotten sea-fight, the peasantry, certainly in the south and in the Midi, do not entertain the bitterly hostile feelings towards England with which they are sometimes credited. As Great Britain's persistent rival through six hundred years of dynastic, religious, colonial, and commercial wars, the difference in blood, and with incompatible racial and national ambitions, friendship between England and France is out of the question. If it were not for the devilish industry and reckless ambitions of the press of both countries—especially that of Paris—in stimulating race hatred, the mutual relations of the two countries would be infinitely easier than they actually are.

The reasons for the intense antipathy visible in the relations of the two countries are both superficial and deep-seated. The superficial reasons are the campaign of insult prosecuted by the Parisian newspapers against the person of the Queen, the treatment of Dreyfus and perjury and forgery in high places, which offended the unctuous rectitude of the British character, and the remembrance of Fashoda, where an attempt was made by a handful of brave French troops to trick the British Empire out of the fruits of fourteen years' expenditure of blood and treasure in the valley of the Nile. The deep-seated reasons of the unfriendly relations between England and France are to be found in the fact that again and again during the last few centuries English and French ambitions have come into collision, and that in almost every instance Britain, and not France, has been the victor; Britain has profited by French misfortunes, has learnt the art of empire from her most gifted sons, and has snatched victory when by all the rules of war England should have confessed herself beaten. France settled Canada, and was ousted by her island rival. To-day a Frenchman is Premier of the Dominion, and with his compatriots is eagerly engaged in organizing military help for Britain in South Africa. The spectacle is a bitter one to those Frenchmen who still nourish the dream of Louis XIV.—that the destiny of France is not only to play a great part in Europe, but to found a vast colonial empire. England drove France from India, but it was Dupleix who invented the system which Clive adopted as his own. The settlement of Australia was only possible in consequence of the wreck of *La Pérouse*. A great Frenchman conceived the imperial idea of the Suez Canal. It was denounced, derided, and opposed by England under Lord Palmerston. To-day British shipping dominates it. Great Britain sits astride the

HIS HANDS FULL WITH THE EXPOSITION.

THE FRENCHMAN DESIRES TO SHINE, AND LIKES TO SEEM TO SHINE.

Nile with only five thousand troops. The Napoleonic legend that broods under the shadow of the Sphinx is unfulfilled. The victories of Austerlitz, of Jena, of Italy, were run to waste because Nelson tempted Villeneuve to put to sea in October, 1805, and gave England the eighty years' start in the task of building up the empire and peopling the temperate places of the earth with children born from English loins and speaking the English language. Twenty-four times have England and France been locked in a death struggle. As it was in the beginning, is now, ever shall be; and another struggle between England and France seems to be as inevitable as anything that has not happened. For it must not be forgotten, in forecasting the future, that for three hundred years France has been cutting off the heads of all her best people or exiling them. The massacres of St. Bartholomew, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, of the Revolution, have exterminated large numbers of the best French families, or driven them to England. In the adopted citizenship of Labouchere, Lefevre, Romilly, Pechell, Saurin, Pusey, Fleury, Romaine, Durand, Daubeny, Roget, Marryatt, Chamier, Dolland, and many others, England has reaped enormous advantages which France has lost. The heads of these families were driven from France. It is noticeable that great Frenchmen during the present century have generally been foreigners. Napoleon had not a drop of French blood in his veins. Gambetta was a Jew. Massena was a Jew. These reflections are galling beyond words to the average Frenchman, who believes that England is no longer the virile and capable power she has been for so many centuries, but is dizzy with the intoxication of success, fat and scant of breath, incapable of self-protection.

However this may be, it would be wrong to summarize at a glance the principal features of Anglo-French relations without mentioning the fact that the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet has shown itself no less desirous than the cabinet of Lord Salisbury to display moderation and statesmanship in its dealings with Great Britain.

It is unlikely that Lord Salisbury's ministry will last very long, but British relations with France in West Africa, Newfoundland, Egypt, and Morocco urgently require adjustment. Complications in South Africa enable France to combine with Russia and Germany in common opposition to our interests. The English are more at the mercy of France than they have been for many generations. On the side of peace is the French Exhibition, and the fact that whereas Lord Salisbury's government might survive a rupture with France, no French government would survive a rupture with Britain, and the present French Constitution would not be likely, in its present shape, to survive any war with a great power. England buys every week from Frenchmen five million dollars' worth of French goods. The most dangerous of all disputes with France, which nothing has been done to end, is imminent, namely, that which springs from the extension by France of leave to land on part of the coast of Newfoundland and dry fish, by which cod was meant by the draughtsmen of the Treaty of Utrecht. It is now claimed that French lobster factories can be erected

A FLEET STREET PORTRAIT OF JEAN CRAPAUD.

on the shore of a British colony, on which shore difficulties are thrown in the way of the erection of British factories of the same description. A former Conservative Colonial Secretary, and the Liberal leader of the day, paraded the fact that England would be unlikely to risk war on such a question. These utterances have not tended to make the settlement of the Newfoundland question more probable, while in the present rising temper of the British people they are much more likely to embark on the madcap errand of "taking on" the whole of Europe in order to revenge themselves for the fatuity of their rulers in South Africa. The Waima outrage also stands unsettled. Captain Lendy, D.S.O., and some brother officers and men were shot down by the French, on British soil, in the colony of Sierra Leone, in December, 1893. England's tame silence and tacit acceptance of France's refusal to pay compensation is an indication of national paralysis in high places, but the temper of the English people is such that, even now with South Africa on their hands, the equitable settlement of the Waima affair is by no means improbable, since M. Wäldeck-Rousseau and M. Delcassé have wisely accepted the principle of arbitration.

England and France can never be friends, but it is not to the interest of either to fight. England could gain no possible advantage from the most victorious struggle with her ancient rival, while Germany and Russia would reap golden harvests. France, on the other hand, has nothing whatever to gain from a naval war with England. The common-sense and good feeling of the educated and propertied classes of both countries are dead against a war. The real danger exists with the press and the politicians, who, unfortunately, have the power to commit their respective countries to an irrevocable course before the great peace-loving masses of the two communities could step in. Frenchmen of intelligence and ability are more or less realists, and do not in business tell lies, but in their international relations they draw a distinction between *la vérité* and *la vraie vérité*. This makes it extremely difficult to do diplomatic business with them. On the whole, the outlook is gloomy. The fundamental flaw in the character of the Latin race is their incapacity for self-government. The fundamental flaw in the English branch of the Anglo-Saxons is their bovine ignorance and complacent pharisaic assumption that they are not as other men are. The financial burdens of France are so great that French statesmen may perhaps be compelled to copy the example of the driver of the runaway horse, who was told by his master to "drive into something cheap." In the opinion of the French generals a naval war with England would be the cheapest thing in sight.

A BOULEVARD PORTRAIT OF JOHN BULL.

AMBULANCE BRINGING THE GENERAL'S REMAINS TO THE CITY.

THE BODY LYING IN STATE.

ARRIVAL AT THE GATE OF THE PACO CEMETERY.

GENERAL LAWTON'S FUNERAL CEREMONIES AT MANILA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—A CLOSE CALL FOR RIMINGTON'S SCOUTS.

Drawn by Frederic Remington from a Sketch by Lester Ralph, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

In one of the numerous reconnaissances made in the region of the Modder River a troop of Rimington's scouts drove a band of Boer horsemen from an intrenched position, and pursued them across the veldt. The Boers were soon re-enforced, and turned upon the British, who, seeing themselves outnumbered, at once retreated. Meantime, the infantry, without the knowledge of either the scouts or the Boers, had occupied the first position vacated by the enemy. They held their fire until the scouts had passed them, and then opened on the pursuers, to the surprise of all concerned. The presence of the infantry in the trenches no doubt saved the scouts from capture.

"JOEY CHAMBERLAIN" AT THE BATTLE OF MODDER RIVER.

Drawn in the Field by Gordon H. Grant, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

The naval contingent from H. M. S. "Doris," with Lord Methuen's column, have nicknamed their 45-pounder gun after the Colonial Secretary. This gun, with its improvised carriage, weighs seven tons, and is drawn by thirty-six oxen. It has an effective range of six miles, and throws lyddite shells. The illustration shows the gun in action at Modder River, bombarding the Boer position at Spytfontein, four miles and a half distant.

Cuban Suffrage

On the first day of May will be held the first election in Cuba of a general character since the Spaniards relinquished the island. At that election each province will select delegates for a sort of local legislature or governing body. Each provincial government will be independent of the other, and responsible only to the general government as represented by Governor Wood and his civil cabinet. There will be no attempt as yet to organize an island congress; for, as General Wood says, "it is best to try the provincial form of government first and see how that works. The matter of a general representative body can be considered later."

Apparently the most interesting political question to the Cubans at this time is the matter of suffrage. This will be finally decided in Washington, but the administration will undoubtedly follow the recommendations of Governor Wood, into whose hands has been given the responsibility of success or failure. Governor Wood has decided, and so states, that the voters will be included in three classes, to wit, those whose names are on the pay-roll of the Cuban army, those who can read and write, and those who can show $250 or more in real or personal property.

In default of definite returns from the census, General Wood estimates the population of Cuba to be between 1,200,000 and 1,400,000. Allowing one voter in five, this would be an average of 260,000 men of voting age. There are 40,000 men on the pay-rolls of the Cuban army. This leaves 220,000 to whom the educational and property qualification must be applied. Governor Wood believes that about 35 per cent. of these will be unable to qualify, thus leaving 143,000 voters, who, with the Cuban soldiers, make a total voting strength of about 180,000. At an election the actual vote turned out would probably not exceed 150,000 at the very most.

It has been predicted that if any attempt was made to limit the franchise, trouble would result from the disaffection of the disfranchised, but on reflection it is apparent that this is not likely. In the first place, all the men of fighting tendencies are on the rolls of the army and can vote. In the second place, those who did not enlist to fight, cannot read, or have no property are necessarily indifferent and without ambition, and many of them very low in the scale of humanity. This class includes many blacks not long from the Congo, Chinese and Chinese half-breeds, and, in fact, nearly all of the most undesirable citizens, who are political nonentities, and who are without sufficient energy, intelligence, and ambition to make trouble.

There is great unanimity among those occupying high positions in Cuba in favor of limiting the right of suffrage in the island. Governor Wood takes the position that the privilege of voting should not be cheapened in the eyes of the Cubans; that it should be held out to them as something to be worked for, and cherished when secured. He would have the elective provincial bodies so constituted and authorized as to enable them to provide all the necessary legislation to set the machinery of the proposed local government in motion. These bodies will provide day schools for the children and night schools for the adults, and will say to the latter, "Here is your chance to go to school, free of cost, and as soon as you can read and write you can become a voting citizen." The Governor expresses great admiration for the adaptability of the Cubans, the ease with which they learn things when given the chance, and their willingness to take advantage of opportunity of that kind.

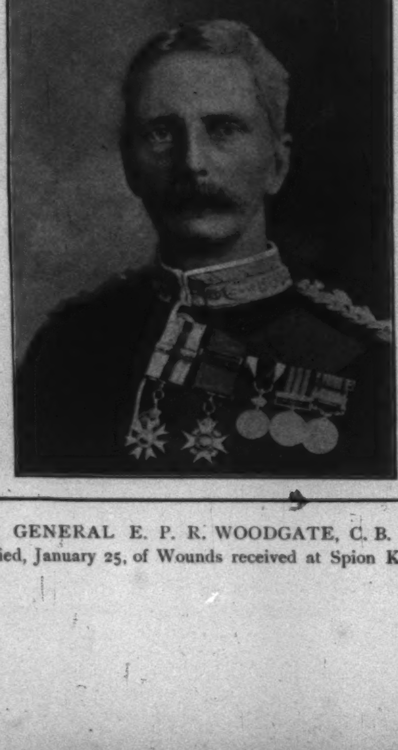
Brigadier-General Ludlow, now in charge of the Department of Havana, and under whose able direction work has been done which makes Havana a fit place to live in, has occupied his present station for over a year. He has formulated very decided opinions as to the future of Cuba and her people. He says, "With universal suffrage on the island of Cuba at this time, I should consider its future as a self-governing community gravely compromised." General Ludlow estimates that a much larger percentage of the Cubans will be excluded from voting on the ground of illiteracy than does General Wood, for the former says: "While the percentage of illiteracy can be determined only after the data of the recent census become available, it is currently estimated at from seventy-five to eighty per cent. This is by no means incredible, as Spain, with a population of eighteen million, contains six million people who can neither read nor write. The Spaniards never encouraged popular education in Cuba, giving it merely nominal recognition. In my judgment it would be a bitter travesty of independence and a profound wrong to Cuba were its destinies to be intrusted to its least-informed and, from the immediate view of intelligent citizenship, the hopeless class of its population."

General Ludlow holds that the only exception to this rule should be those who fought in the war against Spain, and those who have at least five hundred dollars in money or property. He has a strong hope, however, in the future of the Cuban people, for he says: "The people of Cuba will rapidly acquire the art of self-government. They are of an unusual measure of intelligence, and will be able to manage their own affairs as independently of exterior control or guidance as are the States of the Union."

If it is true that the percentage of illiteracy in Cuba is as high as seventy-five per cent., General Wood's estimate of a total voting strength would be reduced to less than a hundred thousand. It is on some such lines as these, however, that the first general election under American control will take place in Cuba. As the result of this election there will spring into form the first manifestation of Cuban home-rule under the new dispensation. There may be disturbances at the polls on the first election day. These will be but surface ebullitions, however; for while the Cubans are excitable and combative, they are in earnest in their attempt at self-government. The Americans are now doing more for them than the greatest armed force could accomplish for any people; for Uncle Sam is abroad on the island not as a tithe-gatherer, but in the peaceful character of the kind and patient schoolmaster, paying his own way, and asking nothing in return except an intelligent effort to comprehend the object in view, which is, briefly, to enable a people to govern themselves honestly and wisely.

J. D. Whelpley.

Havana, Cuba, *January 19.*



GENERAL E. P. R. WOODGATE, C. B.
Died, January 25, of Wounds received at Spion Kop.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA—BRITISH ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY ARRIVING AT CAPE TOWN.

Drawn from a Photograph.

THE SHOOTING OF STATE SENATOR WILLIAM GOEBEL, IN THE STATE HOUSE GROUNDS, TUESDAY, JANUARY 30.
DRAWN, FROM PHOTOGRAPHS, BY W. A. ROGERS.

KENTUCKY'S POLITICAL ANARCHY

WHEN William Goebel was shot, in the yard of the State Capitol in Frankfort, Kentucky, on the morning of January 30, the greatest political crisis in any State of the United States since the days of 1877 was precipitated. It was the end of one stage of a bitter political contest and the beginning of another. The first stage of the contest was the enthronement of bossism and extreme spoils politics in a State which had been free to a large extent from them, and the first victim of this enthronement was William Goebel, the man who had arranged it all. Who shot Goebel from ambush is not known. The assailant was probably some fanatic who realized that Goebel was about to be declared Governor, under the operation of an iniquitous law known as the "Goebel law," and that nothing but Goebel's death could prevent such an unwarranted result.

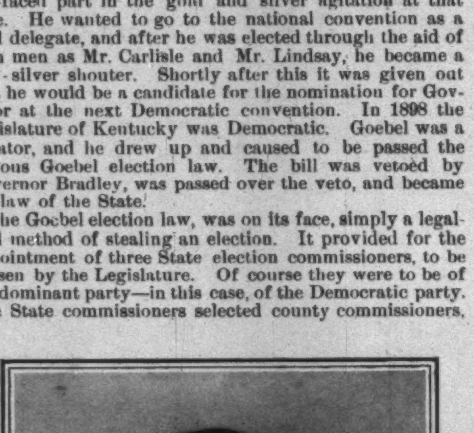
The second stage of this critical political situation in Kentucky came on the night of January 31, when the Democratic members of the Legislature met secretly in the Capitol Hotel at Frankfort, while Goebel lay sinking to what was believed to be his immediate death, and declared him elected Governor. The Chief Justice of the State administered the oath to him. Propped up in bed, he signed the declaration to obey the Constitution and to enforce the law, issued a proclamation to the people, appointed an adjutant-general, and ordered the troops that Governor Taylor had called to the Capitol to be sent home. Then and there began a system of dual government for Kentucky. Earlier in the day, Governor Taylor, by reason of his constitutional prerogative, had dismissed the Legislature, to meet in London, Kentucky, on February 6. The Constitution of Kentucky says that in time of war, insurrection, or pestilence the Governor may dismiss the Legislature and convoke it in some other place.

It was evident, early on the morning of January 31, that the Democratic members of the Legislature, inflamed over the assassin's attempt on Goebel's life, would declare him Governor-elect, simply because he had been shot, and not because of any justice or right in the case, and Governor Taylor disbanded the Legislature to prevent the formal declaration of Goebel's election. At this writing the two governments are in force, with the prospect of an immediate appeal to the Federal authorities for the maintenance of the republican form of government in the State. The outlook is for a condition of turmoil; the prospect of bloodshed is not remote.

William Goebel, responsible more than any other man for the condition of anarchy existing in Kentucky, is in his fortieth year. He has great personal courage and persistency. He had been known as a clean man personally, and it was only his overweening political ambition that brought about the sad condition of affairs in Kentucky and drew the attention of the entire country to himself. Goebel, a self-made man, was born in Sullivan County, Pennsylvania, in 1860, and went with his parents to Covington, Kentucky, in 1864. When only twenty-three years old he became a law partner of John G. Carlisle. At twenty-seven he was a member of the State Senate. He attracted attention by his energy and air of authority. He became notorious in the year 1895, when he shot and killed a well-known Kentucky citizen, John Sanford, in Covington. A scurrilous attack had appeared on Sanford in one of the newspapers of the town, and Sanford attributed its authorship to Goebel. He met Goebel on the street, and the latter would neither affirm nor deny the authorship. Each man drew his revolver, and Sanford fell dead. His widow, who was the granddaughter of the great Chief-Justice Marshall, became insane over the homicide, and to-day is in a sanitarium.

Goebel next attracted attention in 1896. He played a two-faced part in the gold and silver agitation at that time. He wanted to go to the national convention as a gold delegate, and after he was elected through the aid of such men as Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Lindsay, he became a free-silver shouter. Shortly after this it was given out that he would be a candidate for the nomination for Governor at the next Democratic convention. In 1898 the Legislature of Kentucky was Democratic. Goebel was a Senator, and he drew up and caused to be passed the famous Goebel election law. The bill was vetoed by Governor Bradley, was passed over the veto, and became the law of the State.

The Goebel election law, was on its face, simply a legalized method of stealing an election. It provided for the appointment of three State election commissioners, to be chosen by the Legislature. Of course they were to be of the dominant party—in this case, of the Democratic party. The State commissioners selected county commissioners, two of whom were to be of the majority party, and one of them of the minority party. The county commissioners selected the election officers of each precinct, with the same majority and minority representation. The law was so phrased that the minority representatives in the minor election boards were practically nonentities. The law also provided that in the election for State officers an appeal, in case of contest, should lie only with the Legislature, the courts having nothing to do with the case.



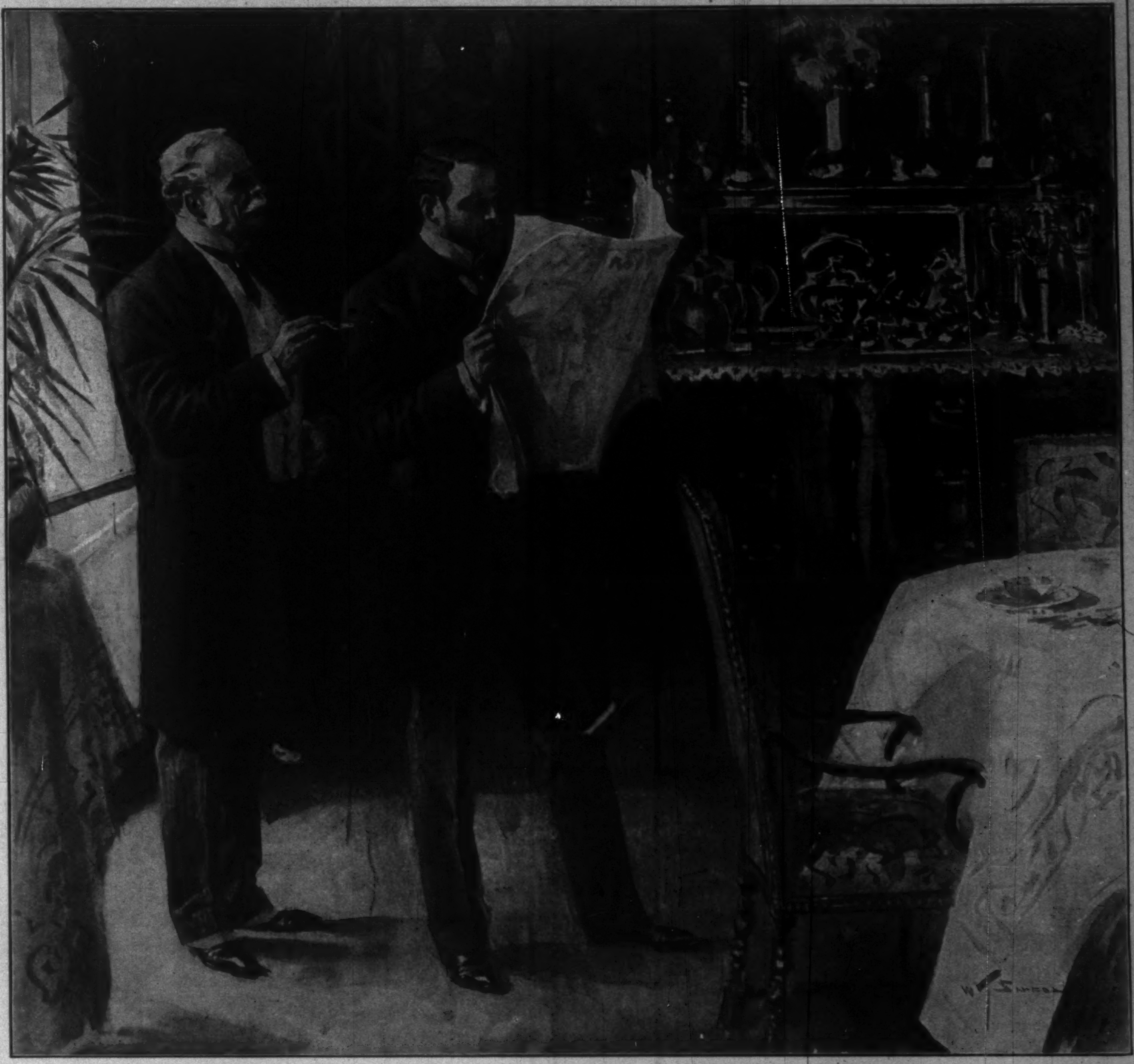
WILLIAM GOEBEL.

In June, 1899, the Democratic convention was held. There were three candidates for the nomination—Hardin, Stone, and Goebel. Goebel had the fewest votes. He made a combination with Stone to defeat Hardin, promising Stone the nomination. Then he unseated a large number of delegates, and finally, by packing the convention hall with heelers, secured the nomination for himself, after a week's struggle of deceit and treachery. Immediately there was a great row, and the independent Democrats nominated former Governor John Young Brown for Governor. The Republicans had already nominated William S. Taylor.

A bitter campaign followed. It was a campaign of epithet and abuse. The independent Democrats threw their strength to the Republican candidate, Taylor, who on the face of the returns was elected by more than 2500 plurality. It was notorious that the Goebel election boards in many counties perpetrated immense frauds. A great clamor for a fair count arose throughout the State, and the election boards, fearing an uprising of the citizens, sent their returns to the county and to the State boards without attempting further frauds. The State board, fearing the wrath of the people, decided that Taylor was entitled to the certificate of election, according to the face of the returns, and it was given to him, and he was sworn in as Governor.

Goebel insisted that he would still be Governor. He gave formal notice of contest, and when the Legislature met, a committee was drawn by lot to investigate the case. It was composed of ten Democrats and one Republican. Other committees were investigating the claims for contested seats, and several Republicans were unseated for Democrats. At length the time came for closing testimony in the case, and then one day a train-load of mountaineers arrived, and several hundred of them under arms camped at the State House to overawe the legislators. Many of the mountaineers became intoxicated, and finally most of them were sent home, the effect of the move being exactly opposite to what was desired.

Final arguments began as to the governorship contest, and it was evident that a decision would be made within forty-eight hours, and that Goebel would be declared Governor. While he was passing through the yard of the State Capitol, on his way to a meeting of the Legislature, he was shot down by some one who was probably secreted in the Administrative Building, next to the Capitol. His life was despaired of almost from the start. At the time of this writing it was thought that he could survive only a few hours; but whether William Goebel lives or dies, it is evident that Kentucky is to feel the terrible blight of bossism as exemplified in the methods of the assassin, and that it will be a long time before she resumes her proud station in the list of States.



IT WAS A COLUMN HEADED "WHAT IS GOING ON IN SOCIETY."

THE ACTION AND THE WORD.

By Brander Matthews

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning, when Evert Brookfield came down to breakfast he found his father standing at one of the dining-room windows with the newspaper in his hand. The storm was over; the sky was brilliant again; the wind had risen, and the atmosphere was singularly pure. The sunshine flooded the window where the doctor was looking out at the men shovelling the snow from the sidewalk.

The young architect noted how big his father bulked in the morning glare, and how strong the doctor seemed in spite of his threescore years and in spite of all the exposure and anxiety of four years' service in the field. The son's admiration for the father was equal to his affection. Evert was proud of the doctor's record in the war, of his prominence in the profession, of his popularity in society. Rather serious himself, he relished intensely his father's shrewd humor. Rather modest also, and even self-deprecatory, he had never ceased to be gratified that his father had made a friend of him and a companion when he had been little more than a boy.

The rasping of the shovels and the chipping of the picks on the pavement must have prevented the doctor from hearing his son's footsteps on the polished floor, for he did not move until Evert had laid an arm on his shoulder, and said, "Good-morning, father!"

Then Dr. Brookfield turned and shook hands heartily with his son. "Good-morning, my boy, good-morning! And how is Carla after her first appearance on any stage?"

"I think she is still vibrating with the novel excitement of it," Evert answered.

"It was a great success, I see by the paper," said the doctor.

"You don't mean to say that there's anything about it in the *Dial?*" asked his son, with a shrinking of annoyance.

"Why not?" Dr. Brookfield returned. "They put everything into the newspapers now—even things that are really important."

"What does it say?" Evert inquired, a little ashamed of the eager gesture with which he had extended his hand.

"It is not so bad as it might be," his father declared. "It's vulgar, of course, but then those fellows can't help being vulgar now. Probably they have no suspicion how vulgar they really are."

Evert seized the *Dial* and read the paragraph the doctor pointed out. It was in a column headed "What is Going On in Society," and it began by stating that "the beautiful Mrs. Evert Brookfield won all hearts last night at the performance given by the Amateur Club and patronized by the most exclusive set"; and it went on with a description of her costume, ending at last with a detailed catalogue of her charms: "Her soulful eyes, her pearly teeth, her glorious brown hair, the exquisite grace of her *démarche*, all lend perfection to a performance of the 'Happy Pair' which will be remembered as an epoch in the history of private theatricals in New York."

As the husband read this flattery of his wife, printed in a newspaper for thousands to see, he flushed with indignation.

"It might be worse," said his father, with a consoling smile. "It says Carla is pretty; now it might have said she was ugly."

"Oh, they couldn't do that!" cried her husband, impetuously.

"Of course it would not be the truth," the doctor explained. "But the public doesn't require an affidavit for everything it reads in the papers. I suppose this creature is right in saying that the performance last night was successful?"

"I suppose so," his son answered, a little regretfully. "I mean—well—yes, it was, of course. She really acted very well—so well that I'm afraid she will want to act again."

"And you don't want her to?" the doctor asked.

The son held up the *Dial*, and then threw it on a chair. "I don't want to have that sort of thing written about my wife, do I?" he returned. "And I don't know that I liked to see her acting, either. I was glad that she was enjoying herself, that she was successful, that she was admired, but I hated the publicity of it. I did not like having other men staring at her. She was my wife, after all; she belonged to me; and it was an impertinence for any other man to gaze at her. That's absurd, of course, and I know it, but it's the way I felt. I knew half of the people in the house, I suppose, and the whole affair was as private as anything of the sort could be, and yet—And I don't wonder they stared, either, for she did look lovely!"

"I don't doubt it," his father rejoined. "She knew she was being admired, and that would naturally make her look her best. And Carla likes admiration."

"What woman doesn't?" retorted her husband.

"She likes it more than most women, I think," answered the doctor.

"She deserves it more than most," his son replied.

Dr. Brookfield laughed a sonorous laugh, wholesome like all his characteristics. "You need not stand up for her as if I was attacking her, my boy. You must know how fond I am of her, and what a pleasure it has been to me to have her in the house. She is very kind to her old father-in-law, and very considerate always. But she's a woman, for all that, and she likes to move through a cloud of masculine adoration—yours first of all, as a matter of course, and mine, too, old as I am, and the baby's, young as he is, and then every other man's."

His son smiled a little pitifully. "I am afraid you are right. In fact, I am sure you are—and I wish I wasn't. I'm always thinking about Carla and observing her, and I've noticed that she can't help inviting men to fall in love with her, only to be greatly grieved when they do; and she is honestly astonished at it, too. Why, she is always getting a care and attention from waiters and car porters and men of that sort—an attention quite different in kind from that they pay to other women; and she enjoys that, too, although she probably hasn't really looked

at any one of them enough to identify him five minutes after."

"Evert," said his father, gravely, "your mind is naturally analytic, and I do not quite understand how it is you get on as an architect."

His son laughed at this personality. "I don't get on as fast as I should like. There's that new fifteen-story building of the Methuselah Life Insurance Company: I thought I was sure of that—in fact, Mr. Carkendale had almost promised it to me. They say now there's to be a competition. It will be a restricted competition, of course, and we shall be invited to compete; but it makes our chance pretty slim."

"Why not give a dinner and ask a lot of the ultra-fashionables to meet the Carkendales? That would capture him, if anything would—or it would at least capture Mrs. Carkendale, who has social ambitions in her old age."

"Shall I descend to that?" the young architect asked, not a little tempted.

"Make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," returned his father. "Ask the people whose names are in the *Dial* every Sunday—the Jimmy Suydams and Mrs. Winston-Smith and—well, you know, as well as I do the kind of people middle-aged Presbyterian climbers would like to dine with."

"I should despise myself if I got a job that way," said the son, gloomily, pulling at the point of his beard.

"You would despise yourself if you did a bad job," the doctor rejoined; "and until you do a bad job you need not waste on yourself any despisery, as the darky called it. In fact, you had better let yourself alone, and stop prying into the recesses of your own soul; that way misery lies."

"If I get the Methuselah building I sha'n't have time to explore my soul," the son returned, more cheerfully. "I haven't tackled one of those sky-scrapers yet, and I suppose I should find it a knotty problem. But it would be amusing, I'm sure—very amusing. I'd really like to try it."

"Then we had better have the Carkendales to dinner and help them scale the social ladder," said Dr. Brookfield, and he laughed again. "Besides, I shall get some fun out of that myself, when I see Mrs. Carkendale making up to Mrs. Jimmy Suydam. And as for her meeting with Mrs. Winston-Smith, that will be as terrible as the duel of the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière*."

A wood fire sputtered and sang on the tiled hearth between the windows. Evert stooped to replace a brand that had fallen too far forward. As he rose to his feet, he heard the familiar rustling of his wife's morning gown.

Then he saw the curtains part that divided the dining-room from the hall, and a smiling baby was thrust through by invisible hands.

"Say, 'Good-morning, papa!'" cried a voice from behind the curtains. "Say: 'Good-morning, grandpa! I'm a year old to-day.'"

"A year old to-day?" the doctor asked. "So he is. How fast time goes now! You can't do me a greater favor, my dear, than to forget all my birthdays. I don't want to remember them myself."

"That's all very well," his daughter-in-law declared, standing up on tiptoe so that he could kiss her. "You have had lots of birthdays, ever so many; and this is baby's first. It isn't the same thing at all, and I shall never forgive you."

The wintry sunlight fell full on mother and child as she stood near the window, with the tall form of the grandfather rising above them. One ray made a halo about the boy's head, and another swept across her cheek, making visible a faint down at the corner of her upper lip. In any one else Evert might have thought this superfluous and perhaps unpleasant; in his wife he found it adorable. He thought her beautiful, although he knew that her features were irregular, and her mouth a little too large, and her figure a little too plump for her height. But he would not have had her different in the smallest particular; he would not have altered a line or a shade, for fear of spoiling the harmony which made her what she was in his eyes. To look at her was an unceasing pleasure to him, and her undulating walk as she had crossed the room to where the doctor stood had filled his heart with irresponsible joy. He was sometimes conscious of the absurdity of this, but the fact remained. And now it gave him keen delight to have her standing there, with his father looking down on her affectionately. He liked to see his wife and his father together, and he thought how bleak life would have been for him if the woman he had chosen had not taken to the father for whom he had so affectionate an admiration. By good fortune, also, the doctor liked her and made much of her, glad that his son's happiness was assured.

"So he is a year old to-day, is he?" asked the doctor, holding out his finger, which the baby clutched instantly. "And how many teeth has he?"

"Five," the young mother responded, proudly. "Isn't that doing well? He cut the fifth only a week ago, and he scarcely cried at all."

"Five teeth already," said the doctor. "And you have thirty-two, and so has Evert, and even I have a few left; and that being the case, don't you think we might have breakfast?"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she cried. "I didn't mean to keep you waiting—really I didn't; but I thought you'd like to wish baby many happy returns of the day."

"So I do, my dear, so I do," the grandfather declared.

"And now I won't keep you another minute. Lina!" she cried, "Lina!" And when the nurse did not answer at once, she turned to the butler, who had just brought in the coffee. "Oh, Wilson, please tell Lina to come and take baby."

A moment later the curtains parted again, and a robust French woman appeared, with ribbons streaming from her spotless cap; and the baby was transferred to her and borne away up stairs.

Then the young mother took her place at the head of the table; her husband sat opposite to her, and her father-in-law at her right.

"Well, my dear," Dr. Brookfield began, as they sat down, "and were you satisfied with your triumph last night?"

Her face glowed again with the recollection of her excitement. "It was splendid!" she answered. "I don't know when I've enjoyed myself so much. I was awfully scared—awfully—but I didn't faint or anything. I don't suppose I acted very well, but they didn't hiss me, anyway."

The doctor laughed at this suggestion, and she laughed too, in joyous relaxation.

"Well, they didn't hiss, and they did applaud ever so much," she went on. "And after it was over they said lots of pretty things to me, and of course that was nice. Maybe I didn't play the part quite as well as they said I did—I don't know—but it did seem to go all right after I had once got started. It was fun; and even if they didn't mean all they said, I liked to hear it all the same."

"They didn't say any more than was true," her husband declared; and she smiled her thanks at him across the table.

"Then the *Dial* is quite right in thinking that last night was an epoch in the history of private theatricals in New York?" asked the doctor.

STATUE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.
Scott Circle, Washington, D. C.
Unveiled January 18.

BASS-RELIEF PANEL IN THE PEDESTAL OF THE WEBSTER STATUE.

"Who said that?" she inquired, eagerly. "People do say nice things, don't they?"

"That's in the *Dial* this morning," Dr. Brookfield answered.

"Is there something in the paper about me?" she cried, with a tremor in her voice. "Oh, Evert! why didn't you tell me before?" She sprang up from the table. "Where is it? Show it to me at once."

Her husband picked up the newspaper and pointed out the paragraph, saying: "You mustn't mind it. They don't mean any harm. They don't know any better."

But his wife was not listening to him. She was reading the paragraph with avidity.

"He is complimentary, isn't he?" she commented, as a flush came on her cheek. "He's really very nice, I must say."

To her husband's surprise, the crudity of the thing did not seem to strike her.

"Who wrote it?" she inquired at last, with her eyes sparkling. "Don't you think you ought to find out and ask him to dinner, or something?"

The doctor laughed out again. "I hardly think that is necessary," he said; "although the fellow would like it, I don't doubt."

"Well, Evert might at least write and thank him," she continued, with her eyes still fixed on the paper. "And then he might tell him that my hair isn't exactly brown, really, you know; it only looks so in some lights."

"For the man's own sake you had better not invite him here," the doctor declared, with his quiet smile. "Dark eyes and light hair make a woman very dangerous."

"Is my hair really light?" she asked, backing into the sunlight of the window, which touched the brown tresses with fire.

Her father-in-law perceived the manœuvre, and retorted, "You don't want to deny that you are really a dangerous woman, do you?"

"I should hate to have to do that," she returned, gayly. "And what do the other papers say?"

"That's so," the doctor admitted. "Perhaps some of the others may have something to say too." He took a coin from his pocket and gave it to the butler. "Wilson, go to the corner and buy a copy of every one of the morning papers—except the *Dial*, of course."

"And hurry up, please, Wilson," cried the young wife. And when the butler had left the room she continued: "I am so anxious to see if there isn't some real criticism in one of the papers. I'd like to know what my faults are. I must have some faults, you know, and I want to correct them."

"But it's all over now," her husband responded. "What is done is done, and you have every reason to be satisfied with it."

"But if I act again, I want to act better the next time," she declared.

"You don't want to act again, do you?" urged her husband.

"Oh, I don't know about that!" she returned. "Why shouldn't I act, if I don't act so very badly?" and she held up the paper. "Besides, Mr. Twiss wants me to. He said last night that he had never played the 'Happy Pair' with anybody so sympathetic as I was. He was really very encouraging."

"That was very kind of him, indeed," Evert asserted, gruffly.

"Yes, wasn't it?" she responded. "He said he thought I could play *Frou Frou*, but I don't know. What I'd like to do is to play *Juliet*; I'd love to do that, if Evert were only *Romeo*, now."

She was standing behind her husband's chair, and she stroked his hair with a familiar gesture that made him want to get up and fold her in his arms.

"How would you like to play *Romeo*, Evert?" asked his father, with another hearty laugh.

"I shouldn't like it at all," Evert answered. "I never could act. I found that out when I was a boy of fourteen by blacking up and taking part in a minstrel show."

His wife looked at him seriously for a moment, and said: "You would have to black up for *Othello*, of course, but I don't want to be *Desdemona*. I should hate to have you jealous of me, even in a play. But *Romeo* and *Juliet*—that's different, isn't it? They are lovers. Why, they are married, just as we are—"

"You must not count on my playing *Romeo*," Evert broke in. "There are very few things I wouldn't do for you, Carla, but that is one of them."

"I suppose you are too tall, now," she admitted; "but you have lovely loverlike eyes, you know, and that pointed beard of yours is very Italian—isn't it?" and she sat on the arm of her husband's chair, and with her fingers combed his thin beard.

"Look out, Evert," said his father, "or she will persuade you to play the part in spite of yourself."

"Oh no!" she returned; "I wouldn't do that. I never want Evert to do anything for me that he doesn't really want to do. Besides, I love him too much ever to want to see him do anything he wouldn't do well; and if he doesn't want to act, I suppose he wouldn't do it well."

"I certainly don't want to act," her husband declared.

"When I was a little girl," she went on, "I thought I'd like to go on the stage and be a great actress, and play a queen and wear a crown, and have a prince making love to me."

"Even if you want to be an actress," said the doctor, dryly, "there's no need for you to go on the stage; society offers endless histrionic opportunities."

She looked at him a little puzzled for a moment, and then smiled. "I see what you mean," she said; "but I don't like insincere people. I believe in being straightforward."

"Well," the doctor rejoined, "it's being straightforward, isn't it, to know what you want and to go for it by the shortest path?"

"You do put things so queerly sometimes," she returned. "I can't always tell whether you are laughing at me or not."

"I never laugh at you, my child," her father-in-law responded; "but I'm willing we should laugh together. And here's a chance for you. Evert wants to be the architect of the new building the Methuselah Life Insurance means to put up next spring—"

"I know," she interrupted. "It was promised to him, and now that horrid Mr. Carkendale is going to have a competition. It's the meanest thing I ever heard of. I don't see how you can speak to such people. I told Evert he ought to cut old Carkendale in the street the next time he met him."

Evert smiled, and said, "Father thinks we had better ask him to dinner instead."

"Does he?" she asked. "Do you really?" And she turned to the doctor.

"I do really," was the answer.

"And if we do, will he give Evert the building? Is that what you mean?" she inquired, jumping off the arm of the chair. "That's a capital idea, isn't it? Why didn't I think of it myself? I do wish I could help you in business—you know I do."

"Then you approve of the suggestion?" the doctor asked. "And you think Evert might put off cutting

Lieut. Col. Arthur Lee
Attaché British Embassy

Admiral Dewey & General Miles

Count Vinci
1st Sec. Italian Embassy

Von Rebeur-Paschwitz
Dr. jur. von Bohlen u. Halbach
Attachés German Embassy

Chinese Legation on New-Years Day
Minister Wu Ting-fang & Mrs. Wu
Costa-Rican Minister Sen. Don Calvo
Korean Minister's Wife Mrs. Pak Ye

Lord Pauncefote
Lady Pauncefote

SNAP-SHOTS ABOUT WASHINGTON

Carkendale in the street, until after he has got the Methuselah building finished?"

"Oh, then it wouldn't matter," she replied, carelessly.

"True," said the doctor; "it would not be worth while then."

"When shall we have him to dinner?" she inquired, eagerly. "The sooner the better, I suppose. And, for Evert's sake, I'll be as nice to the old man as I know how—"

"Hold up! hold up!" cried Dr. Brookfield. "You mustn't overdo it, or you will ruin all. If you were to look at the old fellow like that, and if Mrs. Carkendale should see it—well, it's good-by to that commission for the sky-scraper."

"Is there a Mrs. Carkendale?" Carla asked, in dismay. "Oh, I didn't know that! That's too bad, isn't it? Have we got to ask her too?"

"I'm afraid that we must invite both Mr. and Mrs. Carkendale if we wish to accomplish our purpose," the doctor declared. "And we must pick the people to meet them very carefully, so that they shall feel they have been well treated, and that they may go away with a lively sense of social favors to come."

"Oh, I see," she replied, "I see! How many in all?"

"Fourteen, I should say," her father-in-law answered. "We are three and they are two—five. And the Jimmy Suydams—"

"That was Mrs. Suydam Mr. Twiss stopped to talk to last night, wasn't it, Evert?" she interrupted.

"That's she," her husband replied.

"She is handsome," said the doctor, "and her husband is harmless."

"I didn't get a good look at her last night," Carla remarked, "but I shouldn't say she was so very good-looking. Maybe she wasn't feeling very well then; but it is a fact you men often call a woman good-looking when I can't see it at all."

"You are not the first woman I have heard making a remark like that," said the doctor, smiling. "Do you suppose the lenses in men's eyes differ from those in women's?"

The butler entered the dining-room with half a dozen newspapers in his hand.

"Are those the papers, Wilson?" cried the young wife, clutching them. "Thank you." And she began to turn the pages with an anxiety that seemed to her husband almost feverish.

"Here's one mean little paragraph," she said, after a moment's search. "Just listen to it! 'The Amateur Club acted "A Happy Pair" last night at Mendelssohn Hall before a very select audience, and Mr. Gurney Twiss repeated his former triumphs.' And nothing about me!"

"Not a line?" asked her husband.

"Not a word!" she answered, handing him the paper, and then opening another.

She peered through its pages in vain. "Why, there isn't anything at all in this one!" she cried at last.

"The *Dial* seems the most enterprising, after all," the doctor remarked, dryly. "It always has the news—what there is of it—and plenty of it, too—such as it is."

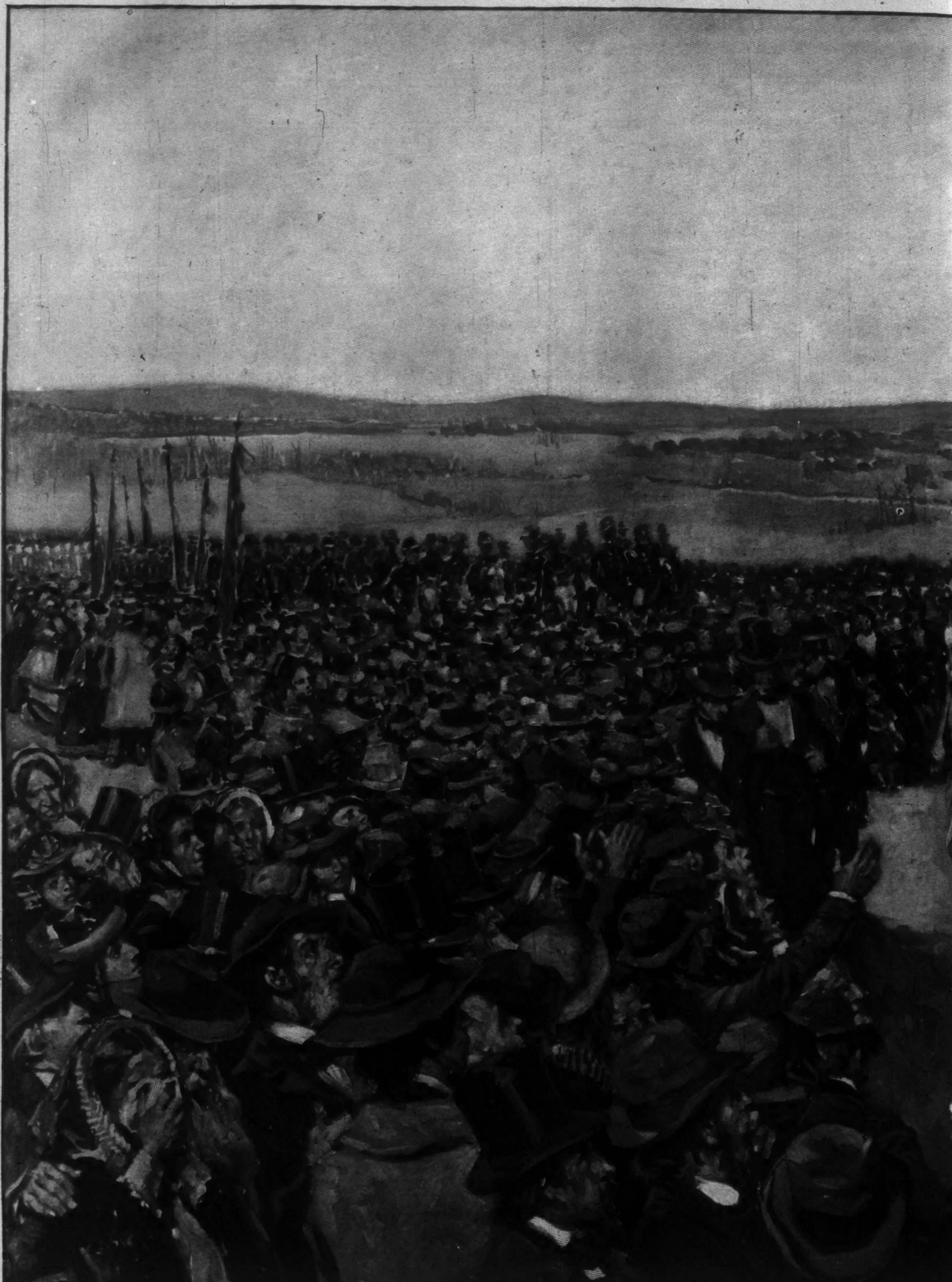
"And there isn't anything in these, either," she declared, plaintively, dropping the rest of the papers on the floor one after another.

When his wife had taken her seat again at the breakfast table, Evert was surprised to discover that he was sharing her disappointment that her performance was not mentioned, in spite of the fact that he had been really annoyed by the perusal of the one paragraph in which it had been considered.

He looked up and found his father's eyes fixed on his with a humorous twinkle in them; and then both men laughed.

Carla was absorbed in her own thoughts, and did not hear them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GET

DRAWN BY

ETTYSBURG, NOVEMBER 19, 1863

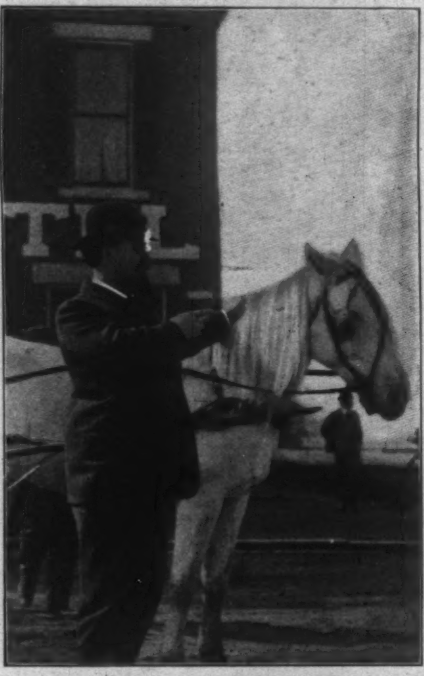
BY A. I. KELLER

M. SALÉZA.

MME. SUZANNE ADAMS AND MME. CALVÉ.

M. POL. PLANÇON.

Opera-Singers off Duty. *By Gustav Kobbé*



M. POL. PLANÇON.

MME. SEMBRICH AND MLLE. DE LUSSAN.

ASK a prima donna to tell you when opera-singers are off duty and have opportunity to enjoy themselves. Her answer will be, "Never."

It is a fact that opera-singers rarely find opportunity to see even each other in a social way except when the company is on tour, making a "kangaroo jump" in a special train. During the season in New York there is but little chance for visiting or other diversions. Even if there were, the care a singer has to take of her voice hedges her around with restrictions which few ordinary mortals appreciate. No members of the company would, for instance, think of calling on Madame Eames on a day when she has to sing. They know she wants to save her voice. Probably the next day the other prima donnas are to sing at a matinée or evening performance, and Madame Eames would not think of calling on them.

But when the company is on tour in its own special train, or in Chicago, where they sing in the Auditorium, and most of them reside in the Auditorium Hotel, there is some little opportunity for social amenities. Even then, when they meet, the topic of conversation is apt to be how little enjoyment, in the ordinary sense of the word, an opera-singer gets out of life. On days when there is no performance or rehearsal she has to brush up her rôles with an accompanist at the piano. If she has an engagement at the photographer's to be taken in costume—that means half a day posing. Then there is a stack of letters to be read and answered (or thrown into the waste-basket)—most of them from girls, would-be prima donnas, who want to come and sing for the great artist and hear her opinion of their voices. A walk, a little drive to get a breath of air—that perhaps sums up a prima donna's modicum of enjoyment on an off-duty day.

I once read an account of the care that was taken of a certain millionaire baby, and I thought what a poor time it must have. An opera-singer is a good deal like that baby. A slight cold, that ordinary mortals would not know they had, incapacitates her; so it can be imagined how careful she must be that weather conditions are just right when she ventures out. In fact, her whole mode of life must be regulated with regard to the preservation of her voice. Madame Nordica once said to me, "I am so trained to eat what I don't want, that I don't miss what I want."

Many prima donnas, on nights when they are not singing, retire as early as half past seven or eight o'clock. That is hardly conducive to social dissipation. It accounts for the fact that opera-singers hear so few performances of opera from the front of the house. An accompanist for one of the best-known Wagnerian prima donnas once told me that she had never heard a Wagner performance from before the foot-lights. You rarely see any singers of the company at the Metropolitan in the audience. It is only when stage and hotel are so near together as at the Auditorium in Chicago that a prima donna will occasionally slip from the hotel into a secluded nook of one of the boxes and hear a performance. As Madame Eames expresses it, life at the Auditorium is a good deal like life on board ship. You pass from the hotel to the theatre as you would from your state-room to the salon or deck. There too the members of the company have some chance to see each other and enjoy themselves.

At the little social gatherings which they arrange among themselves no members of the troupe are more welcome than the de Reszke brothers. These two great singers know how to throw aside stage heroics and unbend when it comes to an evening's amusement.

Both have a great faculty for imitating people and animals. Jean is especially gifted in the latter line. Madame Nordica tells a capital anecdote to illustrate the tenor's skill in "imitations" of animal voices. Some seasons ago

EDOUARD DE RESZKE, MME. MAPLESON, AND JEAN DE RESZKE.

MME. ADAMS AND MME. SEMBRICH.

MME. DE VERE SAPIO.

MME. CALVÉ AND M. LUBERT.

HERR EMIL PAUR.

she had a French poodle, of which she was very fond. One evening she and her husband, Mr. Doehme, went to the opera-house, leaving the poodle in charge of a maid.

To their great surprise, on entering the dressing-room at the opera-house they heard the poodle's quick, sharp bark. Madame Nordica called her pet by name, but it did not respond. The barking was repeated, seeming to come from under the piano. She looked there, and what should she discover but Jean de Reszke on all-fours! Do you wonder that she and her husband were convulsed with laughter? Imagine *Tristan* barking, *Siegfried* of the "Götterdämmerung" in the rôle of a French poodle, *Lohengrin* on all-fours under a piano!

Edouard de Reszke, that large, dignified-looking basso, has a special knack of imitating musical instruments and their players. Madame Eames says it is simply marvellous to hear him imitate a 'cello. He produces with his voice the exact tone quality of the instrument throughout its entire range. But he is such a good actor that he cannot imitate the instrument unless he assumes the exact position of a 'cello-player, with the fingers of one hand on imaginary strings, while the other hand apparently guides the bow.

The devotion of the de Reszke brothers to each other is well known, and their intimate friends say it is charming to hear them urging each other to show off. "Now, Jean," Edouard will say, "give us your clever imitation of a monkey;" and Jean, anxious not to disappoint his brother, will proceed to comply with his request in a realistic manner that convulses every one present. Having done so, he will turn to the basso and exclaim, "Edouard, you must show us how Pfeiffenschneider plays the trombone in the death scene in the 'Götterdämmerung.'" There is a saying in the company that Edouard is a whole orchestra in himself, and that if he could imitate at one and the same time all the instruments which he can give separately, Mr. Grau could dispense with the band.

However, these two brothers are interesting in other ways, and artists of the company say that a most profitable evening can be spent with them, hearing them discuss the serious side of their art. Mrs. Story (Madame Eames) has sung so many years in the same company with the two Polish artists that she and Mr. Story have become very intimate with them, and when on tour the four often dine and spend the evening together. In fact, the Storys regard the de Reszkes as if they were their brothers.

Madame Calvé is a good deal of a mystic. On her mantel-shelf she has a statue of Buddha as a decorative accessory. She believes in a previous state of existence. Evidence of this belief is found in a remark once made by her to a sister prima donna, who has an extraordinarily large répertoire.

Said Madame Calvé to her one day: "Think of my good luck in having made one opera so completely my own that I hardly ever have to sing anything else! It is in my own language, too. There you are, obliged to sing in three languages in order to keep up your répertoire. Mon Dieu! how you have to work! Perhaps in your former existence you had a very easy time of it, and now you have to make up for it; or perhaps you were very wicked and are now atoning for it." This was all said in absolute seriousness; but fortunately the other prima donna was more amused than offended at the point of view. Imputations upon acts committed during one's "former existence" are not apt to cause much worry.

A favorite diversion of Madame Calvé is to hold spiritualistic séances in her rooms, with other members of the company as her guests. One evening during the recent season in Chicago she rushed into the room of one of the other prima donnas and excitedly begged her and her husband to come to her apartments, as she was expecting a "splendid medium."

Half past eight, the hour appointed for the séance, came, but no medium; then half past nine, half past ten, and still no medium. The other prima donna's husband thought it about time to question *Carmen* regarding the medium's identity. "What was his name?" "Moses." "Moses?" "Yes." "Nothing more?" "No, just Moses." Further inquiry, this time extended to the hotel office, elicited the fact that Madame Calvé had asked the clerk if there were any good mediums in Chicago, and had been told of one who was said to be "as good as Moses."

With her imperfect knowledge of English she had misunderstood the remark, and had addressed a letter, making an appointment, to "Moses, Chicago." Small wonder that Moses did not materialize!

Last summer, before Madame Calvé came over here, she amused herself by having her tomb designed with statues of herself as *Carmen* and *Ophelia* for the chief features. Next summer she expects to have the added pleasure of seeing the model of her tomb at the Paris Exposition. She says that she had it designed to make sure of artistic surroundings after death, and also to save her mother the trouble of having a head-stone made for her.

The season in Chicago once over, the members of the

MMES. SAVILLE, MAPLESON, CALVÉ, AND OLITZKA

MME. MELBA.
Photograph by Lionel J. Mapleson.

HERR AND FRAU DIPPEL, AND MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK.

DISTINGUISHED BACKS—ROSENTHAL, EDOUARD AND JEAN DE RESZKE.

company have little opportunity to see each other when off the stage, except while travelling in the special train during the rest of the tour preliminary to the long season in New York. There may be on the train an occasional exhibition of the "if Madame So-and-so doesn't come into my state-room I sha'n't go into hers" feeling; but, as a rule, the tour is the occasion of much pleasant intercourse.

This year many of the artists amused themselves having their photographs taken by Lionel Mapleson and Max Hirsch, from whose snap-shots the illustrations accompanying this article are made.

During this season's tour Madame Nordica and Mr. Doehme, Madame Sembrich and her husband (Professor Stengel), Herr and Frau Dippel, and Herr and Frau Schumann-Heink were much together, and played many hands at whist and other card games. At meal hours the dining-car was, from a linguist's point of view, like the Tower of Babel. The air was filled with a polyglot of German, Polish, French, Italian, and English. Some singers like to prepare certain delicacies for themselves. Madame Nordica is especially fond of Vienna coffee. She has a machine in which she brews this delightful beverage for herself and her friends. Signor Campanari probably carries his liking for a special dish farther than any other artist of the company. He has with him a small machine for the manufacture of spaghetti, and another apparatus for cooking it, so that he both makes and prepares this delicacy. A barytone spaghetti factory is a rare phenomenon, even for an opera company.

The company has had many amusing experiences on its tours, but none more so than in Kansas City early this winter. It was booked for three performances there—on a Monday night and the following afternoon and evening—in the huge Conventional Hall, which has a seating capacity of 25,000.

The company reached Kansas City on Monday morning, and by about eleven o'clock had made its way to the hall. There a startling condition of affairs was discovered. Up to the previous Saturday night the hall had been used for a horse show, and, except that the horses had been removed, it was in exactly the same condition as when the show had closed. A large part of the building was divided into stalls, and the whole floor was covered with tan-bark. There was no stage, no proscenium, no suggestion of apparatus for setting and shifting scenery, and not a seat in the whole house.

Yet "Faust" was to be given there that night. Under even ordinary circumstances it required quick work to have the scenery and baggage transferred from the station to the hall in time for the performance. But here was the hall itself, absolutely barren of every theatrical suggestion, to be converted before evening into an opera-house. Mr. Grau had sold out the performances to the local management, and they in turn had sold tickets within the widest possible radius of Kansas City. It is said that tickets for these three performances were sold in eight States, and that people came from as far as Montana and North Dakota. Of course it would not do to disappoint such a public. It might shoot. Horse show or no horse show the week before, there had to be opera that night. What was left of the horse show must be dug out.

The first thing that was done by the Grau forces was to engage thirty mule-carts and colored men to rake and dig up the tan-bark and dirt and cart them away. Meanwhile a small army of stage hands was extemporizing a rigging-loft for working the scenery on the iron girders of the building; carpenters were putting up the stage and the proscenium, and hastily throwing together a set of dressing-rooms, that resembled a row of bathing-houses at a second-rate summer resort. It looked as if a circus, instead of the greatest opera organization in the world, had struck the town, and as if, instead of "Faust," "Carmen," and "Il Barbiere," there was to be a three-ring show, with bareback riding, flying trapeze, "brother" acts, and "vaudeville on the side."

A host of women was also set to work at sewing-machines, sewing strips of canvas together, until they formed a carpet large enough to cover a floor space sufficient for five thousand chairs. This was to hide the last remnants of the horse show, which even the thirty mule-carts and their drivers had been unable to obliterate. Then 9000 seats were procured, and put in place on the floor and one of the galleries.

That night every one of these 9000 chairs was occupied, by an audience some of whom had come a thousand miles. Nearly 27,000 people attended the three performances, and the enthusiasm was so great that the company is wanted back again in April.

When the company visits college towns it is rarely necessary to hire supers. The students are only too glad to take their place, and are usually willing to pay for the privilege. Even women will offer money for the chance, and are perfectly willing to wear costumes which have been worn over and over again by the regular supers, so great is their curiosity to get behind the scenes. Half an hour before the performance begins this opera militia reports for duty, and stage-manager Rigo puts the "Carmen" soldiers through a little drill.

There is only one difficulty about these volunteers. They like to carry off part of their costume or some convenient "prop" as souvenirs. During the Boston season, Mr. Rigo one midnight saw part of a "Faust" suit of armor walking across the Common. He promptly seized it, and under it found a student who had been acting as super in the opera at the Boston Theatre that night. He evidently had grabbed the armor at the last moment before leaving the theatre, for it was fastened over his overcoat. Had he worn it under the coat, he would have escaped observation and capture. But a piece of "Faust" armor crossing the Boston Common at midnight was too much for Mr. Rigo. Not being a Bostonian, he did not take the apparition for one of the Puritan Fathers come to life again, and so nabbed it and recovered the armor. It is said that some $300 worth of costumes and properties is carried off by amateur supers in the course of a season. Yet, on the whole, there is economy in employing them.

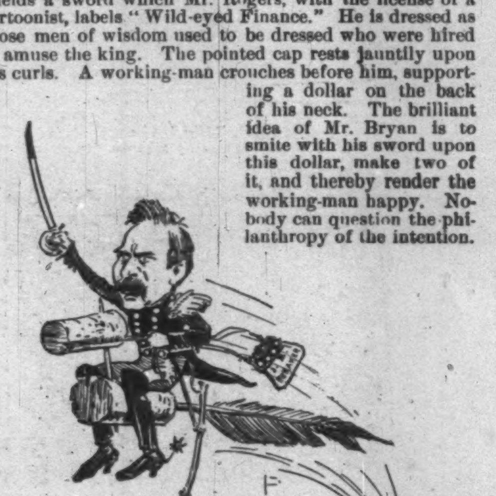
I have now told how some of the leading members of the opera company enjoy themselves during their few leisure hours, and of some of the amusing incidents of an opera company on tour. But I have yet to speak of the manager's recreation. How about Mr. Grau? Where does his fun come in? Apparently only in paying the piper.

NOTES OF A BOOKMAN

BY E. D. BEACH

A NUMBER of cartoons by Mr. W. A. Rogers, which appeared originally in HARPER'S WEEKLY, are published by R. H. Russell in a book entitled *Hits at Politics*. These range over a period of five years, beginning in 1894, and including the year 1898. They make a collection very interesting to look over. Cartoons are the cannon balls of debate, and when they hit they are quite irresistible. Some are bound to miss, of course; no gunner is possessed of so acute a vision as to be qualified to hit inevitably; he cannot so measure the roll and plunge of fate and circumstance as to reach the target with his formidable missile every time. But Mr. Rogers is one of the best of the men behind the guns in the lively warfare of cartooning, and he hits between wind and water with a gratifying frequency. Of the seventy-one cartoons here, sixteen relate to the incidents of 1894; sixteen pertain to the following year; twenty-three are devoted to 1896, when Mr. Bryan, with his abbreviated dollar, discovered a wide expanse of the enemy's country; eight belong to the year 1897, and the rest are apportioned to the year 1898, which deserved more, for it was really a very stirring year. To these seventy-one cartoons are added one hundred thumbnail sketches, which make a very delightful study. So here we have, in ingenious and vivid picture, five years of political history.

Here is Mr. Bryan, of course. The cartoonist reflects the general Eastern impression of that statesman, and does not take him very seriously. He provides him with a pointed cap and puts a rattle in his hand. At one time he is an inquisitive boy, pleasant to look at, about to test with his tender thumb the buzz saw of finance. In one of the best of the pictures of him he appears in his great and generous act of making two dollars out of one. He wields a sword which Mr. Rogers, with the license of a cartoonist, labels "Wild-eyed Finance." He is dressed as those men of wisdom used to be dressed who were hired to amuse the king. The pointed cap rests jauntily upon his curls. A working-man crouches before him, supporting a dollar on the back of his neck. The brilliant idea of Mr. Bryan is to smite with his sword upon this dollar, make two of it, and thereby render the working-man happy. Nobody can question the philanthropy of the intention.



Still, for some reason, Mr. Rogers has not bestowed upon this working-man the appearance of happiness. So far from that, he appears to be apprehensive. It may be that he wishes that the dollar which Mr. Bryan is about to cut in two were on a butcher's block or a blacksmith's anvil instead of on his neck. The habitual discontent of the working-man is well known. Mr. Bryan dances as he swings his sword aloft. The cartoonist has supplied his legs with the perfect expression of joy. His toes curl in something that may be said to be akin to ecstasy. His utter self-satisfaction cannot be doubted for a moment. It is curious to observe how much happier he is than the working-man who is holding the dollar on his neck. The sword of Mr. Bryan is nicked, as the sword of a Democrat should be in these remarkable times. Perhaps with the somewhat tardy, but still enormous, assistance of Mr. Bourke Cockran Mr. Bryan will be able to accomplish more with his sword this year than he accomplished in the year 1896. Surely there can be no harm if he chooses to console himself with a hope to that effect.

The "open door" in China was not so open at the time when Mr. Rogers drew his cartoon of it as it since appears to have become. It had then all the look of being a very deterring door. We need not mind the dragons perched upon the top. They are good enough dragons, but since the Japanese went into China all dragons have fallen into disrepute. It was seen at that time that they were not able to make headway against an army equipped with rifles. All the loud and horrible noises of China, all the missiles which depended for their efficacy upon an evil smell, tumbled at that time, together with the dragons, into the limbo of exhausted things. It is not a boast to say that this is an age which is not easily frightened. It confronts even octopuses with equanimity. But Mr. Rogers has supplied the "open door" with a terror and a danger reasonable and real enough. This doorway bristles with the cannons and the bayonets of Europe. Under the spectacular dragons we behold the Russian bear, the British lion, and the war helmet of the German Emperor. Uncle Sam stoops and twists his beard thoughtfully as he looks in. Still, as we say, the aspect of this door appears to have changed. The nations have agreed to say "How d'ye do?" to Uncle Sam in their several spheres of influence, and he may take up his umbrella, and his satchel full of the notions which he believes the Chinese want, and pass in under the dragons to his fair business reward.

More than once the cartoonist ventures to intimate that Mr. Bryan is not the wisest of men. Here is a page of companion portraits. In one stands a soldier, with gun at shoulder, and the accompanying legend says, "In 1861 William McKinley was upholding his country's honor—and he's doing it yet." In the other we have a fat and complacent baby sitting in his cradle and shaking his rattle and bells, and the legend says, "This is what William J. Bryan was doing in 1861—and he's doing it yet!"

Again we have a cartoon showing the logical consequences of a dollar worth only half a dollar. A citizen is shown coming from market. He wears half a coat, half a hat, half a shirt, half a pair of trousers, one shoe, one stocking; he carries a basket containing half a fish, half a cabbage, half a loaf of bread. There is only one whole thing which the citizen has—his expression of annoyance is not abridged. From a neighboring tower the time of day is imperfectly indicated to him by half a clock, and a sign attached to a painted post invites him to come and be half shaved. Mr. Bryan, offering to split the dollar with his nicked sword, thinks that he is going to make two dollars by the process, but here we see what would really happen were the great man permitted to cut the dollar in two.

The cartoonist makes a different figure of Altgeld. Here is somebody who is reckoned as a dangerous man. His face, hidden behind the Bryan dollar, is an unpleasant creation. It is a wicked face, not a face of amiable folly, like Bryan's. Altgeld carries the torch of anarchy in the crook of his arm; his eye, his jaw, his bony fingers, the uprising of his hair, are all disturbing; and he seems to

know as much, for he hides his wicked personality behind the smirking face of Bryan, stamped on the faithless dollar.

The Supreme Court on a populistic basis is a very striking cartoon in this collection. Here are Stewart and Altgeld, King Debs and Pitchfork Tillman, Coxey and certain others of the same kidney, clothed in the robes of the supreme judicial office and dispensing justice as they understand it. The "bunco dollar"—the honest coin cut in two—decorates the wall behind the bench. Busts of Guiteau, Spies, Fischer, and Ling look down upon the court. The Constitution is flying through the air with ruptured covers and in a generally dishevelled condition. Stewart has his hobnailed feet on the bench. Tillman glares behind his pitchfork. Debs and Coxey are fools. Things have happened since this cartoon was drawn. Debs is not the important person he was; Tillman has subsided, thanks to circumstances over which he did not have control; Coxey is no longer walking, having found a more profitable occupation; and Altgeld is in abeyance, though it cannot be doubted that he is still a man to be feared.

The cartoon showing Uncle Sam's new class in the art of self-government closes this collection. Since this was drawn the Cubans have become quieted, and the patriots and the guerillas of that island are no longer seizing each other by the hair. But Aguinaldo is still looking cross-eyed, and has not yet quite taken his lesson from Puerto Rico and Hawaii, who are here represented as very good and lovely children. Still, there is no doubt that we are a good deal better off than England is just at this time.

Mr. Rogers's cartoons are ingenious and well drawn. They have strength and humor. They are to be included among the best of their kind.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

MR. CARNEGIE is a good speaker. He can discourse on the drawbacks and disadvantages of having money, in a way to bring tears to the eyes of a potato. He did so last month, at a social evening of the Young Men's Bible Class of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. He took Mr. John Rockefeller with him to the social evening, and appears to have used him as a horrible example of what surplus money may bring a man to. "I hope," said Mr. Carnegie, "I speak to poor young men. I hope the burden of riches has not been laid upon any of you at your time of life. We hear a good deal in these days about poverty—oh, abolish poverty! But the saddest day civilization ever saw will be the day in which poverty doesn't win its way. The poor, thank God, we will have always with us. As for the man who pursues wealth or fame as an end, his breast will be filled with poisoned arrows as he grows older and older."

So Mr. Carnegie spoke, according to the newspapers, pointing, no doubt, at intervals, to Mr. Rockefeller, and crying, "Take warning, boys, by him!" What did the young men do when his address was over? Went home, of course, and put all their loose pennies in a tin bank, and got up an hour earlier next morning in hopes of being the sooner rich, and able to realize the folly of it. For if we examine Mr. Carnegie's remarks closely we find that though he seemed to be extolling poverty, he was really praising it as an elegant scrape to get out of, and a profitable school in which to prepare for the accumulation of large means. There is no fault to be found with what he said, or even with its effect, though possibly his apparent disparagement of riches in youth, in the presence of the father of Mr. John Rockefeller's children, might possibly be considered as an unfriendly act. Most of us agree with him that it is unfortunate for the young to have the burden of riches laid upon them too early, and if there is anything in the way of increased inheritance taxes that he desires for the relief of his family, or Mr. Rockefeller's, we will be glad to consider it. No doubt, though, both Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller believe in self-help in this as well as other matters, and, according to the computation of the *Library Journal*, Mr. Carnegie acted last year in the direction of his belief to the extent of $3,500,000, which he gave for the founding of libraries.

IT has been said of some temperance exhorters that they were most effectual in their denunciations of rum when they were themselves suffering in some measure from recent experience of it. Mr. Carnegie's outpourings somehow recall these exhorters. In the present condition of the steel industry, no wonder he groans. A case something like his was that of Lord Rosebery, who created amusement last year by proclaiming, in effect, that there was not as much money in being rich as most persons supposed. So, very recently, Mr. Yerkes of Chicago has been quoted as declaring that "great wealth does not bring happiness!" No doubt in his case that is true, for the reflecting public would be puzzled to think of good reasons why Mr. Yerkes should be particularly happy. It is coming true, too, in the case of his fellow-townsman, Mr. Armour, whose son, the papers say, lately left his desk in a counting-room to die, and who seems himself to have broken down at last under stress of immense labors. But he has had his share of happiness, for he has loved work, and rejoiced in it as a strong man to run a race, and though he has made an immense fortune, it seems never to have crushed human feelings and human interests and sympathies out of him. Many interesting tales are told of Mr. Armour. He is a notable type of a class of contemporary Americans whose biographies, if properly written, would make absorbing reading. It is the class to which Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller also belong, and of which Mr. Carnegie is the most successful moralist. True as the homilies of Mr. Carnegie and his co-sufferers are, they somehow come more aptly from a philosopher like Mr. Depew, who, in his day, though himself an employee, has had opportunities to observe money-makers and realize their anxieties.

ONE opinion expressed by Mr. Carnegie at the social evening has been challenged. He said the people we ought to help were, not the submerged tenth, but the struggling tenth. The truly helpless who live by begging, the idiotic, and the hopelessly drunken should be properly cared for, he thought, by the state, and not permitted to marry. Most of us will agree with him as to the general expediency of such a procedure; but Mr. Keller, a Commissioner of Charities in New York, says we can't separate any class from the rest of mankind, and forbid its members to marry, without working harm. There are some things that can't be done by law, and this, he thinks, is one of them. The conditions of the submerged tenth have too much history behind them to be arbitrarily altered. Another consideration is that persons who are on their way down are very apt to marry and have children early in life, before their submersion has progressed far enough to bring them into the charge of the state.

MR. THOMAS B. REED also is among the moralists, and he moralizes very well. At a recent meeting of the University Settlement Society in New York he sat on the platform. When it came his turn to exhort, he told how, for our own sakes, we must succor the weak, or if we don't we suffer pains and penalties ourselves. "It is not merely charity that constrains us," says Mr. Reed, "but selfishness. Men are bound together, I say, by the Almighty. If not out of courtesy or kindliness, then for our own sakes we must help our fellows!"

One of the many drawbacks in these times to the professions of preaching and hack-writing is that so many laymen are so wise, and say so well off-hand and gratis so many things that industrious preachers or scribes receive salaries to impart.

PRESIDENT HADLEY of Yale thinks his ideas about social ostracism as a remedy for mischievous trusts have been somewhat misunderstood. He thinks most of the evils attributed to trusts are due to something else, and that what real evils trusts do are better cured by bringing them home to the doers than by legislation against trusts in general. Punish the trust sinner, Dr. Hadley says, as you would any other sinner. The forger, the house-burner, the man who runs away with his neighbor's wife, the blackmailer, even the briber, are all prejudiced by their offences if thoroughly found out. We don't esteem them, and when they invite us to go to Kamtchatka in their private car we say we can't get away. So we ought to feel and act, President Hadley seems to think, about "the individuals who grossly abuse the powers which the existence of trusts places in their hands."

It is plain in theory; Dr. Hadley is right, of course; but in practice it is hard, because of real confusion in many minds about what is right and what is wrong. Take the famous Mineral Light trust, which we all know; a shrewd and exemplary corporation which has brought kerosene down from palaces and other equally high and exclusive places and put it within the reach of the widow and the fatherless and the house-maid who lights the fire. That was a good work. But most of us have been taught to believe that one way the Mineral Light was able to accomplish it was by such ruthless devices as going privately to the railroads and other dealers in fortunes and making secret and improper bargains with them for transportation, and so strangling competition. We don't know whether these things are right or not. It accords with Scripture and destiny for him who has to get and for him who can to take, but when we are looking on in a game, and think we see a player, through his superior influence with the dealer, obtain a royal flush and proceed to rake the table, we are apt to feel that it wasn't quite fair. Really, modern commercial morals seem very intricate to the simple-minded; but it may be that commercial morals always have seemed intricate, especially to losers.

MR. KIPLING is in Cape Town by this time. It is a good place for him to be in. It must be chock-full of emotions, anxieties, rumors, plans, hustlings, hopes, wounded soldiers, prisoners of war, and everything that can nerve the fingers of the bard of the strenuous life to sweep the harp-strings. If Mr. Kipling is in as good health as we hope he is, we shall profit in due time by his pilgrimage. One motive imputed to him for going to South Africa was to improve his health, so probably he is not in physical condition to go to the front. But even at Cape Town and thereabouts he will be able to continue his studies of the British soldier, and he will see him nowadays under conditions that are entirely novel. Not before in the memory of living men has the world been so much interested in T. Atkins as now. It is the chance of a lifetime for his biographer.

THE work of the Cuban Orphan Society, to which reference has several times been made in the WEEKLY, goes on as actively as the society's means permit. The last report of Mr. C. W. Gould, the secretary, gave the total amount of subscriptions received as $42,240.

THE recent formal incorporation of Barnard College into the educational system of Columbia University seems to accomplish as close a union between these institutions as the friends of Barnard or of the higher education of women are likely to desire. Barnard is now as much a part of Columbia as the School of Mines is, or the Law School. The president of the university is the president of Barnard also. Her dean will hereafter be an appointee of the president, and will have a seat in the university council and a vote on all matters that come before it. Her professors will be university professors, nominated by the dean of Barnard, but appointed by the president of Columbia. Graduate students of Barnard studying for higher degrees will be registered as students, not of Barnard, but of Columbia. The Barnard students will stick to their own building; and their classes, as a rule, though not in all cases, will be separate from those of the Columbia men, but the same professors will teach both. This means a much closer union than that of Radcliffe with Harvard. It does not amount to coeducation, such as flourishes at Ann Arbor and many of the Western universities, but it seems to come as near coeducation as Barnard cares to venture.

The dean of Barnard, whose resignation is announced, is to be congratulated on the strong position in which she leaves the institution, of which for five years she has been the head. She took office as Miss Smith, but for about a year she has been Mrs. Putnam. Her services to the college have been exceedingly valuable, and it is no formal utterance which the trustees of Barnard have recorded in expressing their "high appreciation of the loyalty, devotion, and far-seeing wisdom of the retiring dean."

CHICAGO, in the person of Mr. John Vance Cheney, carried off the first prize in the competition, furthered by the *Sun*, for the best poetical antidote for the Millet-Markham "Man with the Hoe." Mr. Cheney says the Man with the Hoe is all right, and he says it poetically:

> Need was, need is, and need shall ever be
> For him and such as he.
> Cast for the gap, with gnarled arm and limb,
> The mother moulded him.
> And aye she gives him, mindful of her own,
> Peace of the plant, the stone.

"Peace of the plant, the stone," suggests tobacco in a clay pipe; but Mr. Cheney hardly meant that, and what he did mean is clear and good. His poem is fifty lines long; a workmanlike job, dignified, and with much distinction in it.

The second money went to Mr. Hamilton Schuyler, of Orange, New Jersey, whose entry was "The Incapable," a poem of forty-four lines, in four-line verses. Kate Masterton was the third winner, with "A Song," about work.

None of the prize poems occupies the mouth and the ear, or even the imagination, quite as completely as Mr. Markham's does; and though all of them accord better than his with knowledge and common-sense, they do not put his nose seriously out of joint.

The judges in this contest were Mr. Stedman and Mr. Aldrich. They must now be fully conversant with all that can be said about the Man with a Hoe, and it would be most interesting to see what sort of prize poems they would make about him. If "Responsibility," the *Sun's* unknown Mæcenas, would put up another prize for them, and them only, to compete for, it might make a contest even more exciting than the one just finished.

LONDON *Punch* has offered no excuse for its recent enterprise in adding to itself a short story. The story is printed as an appendix, and the change is made as inoffensive as possible; but still it is a change, and why *Punch* should be at the pains to take up with an innovation is not quite clear. One still misses du Maurier from it, and the loss of him seems irreparable; but so the loss of Leech must have seemed to those who were brought up on Leech. Only time and the slow development of a new intimacy can cure such bereavements as those. Very likely the weekly story is a good idea; but why should *Punch* require good ideas? Is it a ten-cent magazine born yesterday? It seems a pity to have a good old thing like *Punch* grow enterprising in times when there is such a glut of enterprise in the periodical business as at present.

CONGRESSMAN MOODY of Massachusetts made a good speech and told a good story in the House the other day. It was not a funny story, but a sober narrative of occurrences. The House, in committee, was considering a bill to recompense a British cable company for cables cut in our war with Spain. Mr. Moody did not oppose compensation, but he wanted information from the State Department about all claims of British citizens against our government and all claims of American citizens against the British government, so that there might be a settlement all around. As an example of the sort of claim against the British government that he had in mind, he told of a Massachusetts fisherman, who was fishing a few years ago in the deep seas six miles from land off Nova Scotia. He caught a school of mackerel in his seine. While he had them, but before he could get them aboard his schooner, he drifted landwards, and was presently seized by a Canadian cruiser for being within the three-mile limit. He declared he was not within the limit; but his schooner was condemned by a Canadian court, and the finding was approved by a majority of one in a higher court. After further litigation, the offer was made to give him back his boat if he would pay costs. He couldn't, the costs being great, and his schooner having by that time gone to rot. So he lost all he had. Mr. Moody thought the fisherman had more law on his side than the cable company did, and also more equity. It would seem so, and Mr. Moody's plan for a general overhauling of claims of American and British subjects and a settlement by both governments seems a good plan.

SOME time before dawn on January 29 some one broke the heads off two of the mermaids of the Heine Fountain, at 161st Street and Mott Avenue, in New York. It is mortifying, of course, to have such things happen, especially, as in this case, when the evil-doer escapes; but every community has its proportion of cranks and rascals, and is liable to suffer from them. It is hardly worth while to speculate about the motives for vandalism of this sort, because a person who could be led by any motive to deface a beautiful public monument is usually quite capable of doing it out of pure mischief, and without any motive at all.

TRANSATLANTIC TOPICS

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

IT is one of the psychological phenomena of warfare that people very quickly forget what they are fighting for. Or perhaps one ought rather to say that they cease to remember. The question no longer interests them. The first clash of arms puts it out of court. The causes of the war, the policy that has led up to it, the mistakes of the government, the blunderings of this or that minister, the doubts as to the national right or wrong of the matter—the thousand and one points so warmly taken up and defended and assailed up to the very moment of actual conflict—become nebulous abstractions when the first grim shot proclaims that the battle of words is over. They are not buried, or at least only temporarily; they come up again when the war is over; they are threshed out on a hundred platforms, and it is on them and not on military exploits that history gives its verdict. But for the time the country loses sight of them, and is only subconsciously aware that they exist. "To such a being as man, in such a world as the present," Blue Books and debates and the details of policy are academic trivialities by the side of cannon balls. The nation hears them mentioned with impatience, rightly judging that when once the call to arms is sounded the tongue should cease to wag. The solid fact of war stamps out all discussion on its merits. The nation's face is turned home to the instant need of things, and "Work and be quiet" becomes the popular motto. The point does not need laboring. It is the common characteristic of all wars.

THAT is the answer to the question often asked, "What do the people of England think of this war?" The people of England have at present only one opinion about the war—to carry it through to a successful finish at any cost and any sacrifice. It was a common remark in England, when Mr. Kruger's ultimatum brought matters to a head, that this time there would be no Majuba Hill. That did not mean there would be no disasters like Colley's; some reverses in the opening stages of the war were thought inevitable, though nobody expected such a series of defeats as British incompetence and Boer marksmanship have been able to amass. What the remark did mean was that there would be no repetition of Mr. Gladstone's attempt, as Lord Rosebery put it the other day, "to carry prematurely into international politics the principles of the gospel"; that there would be no surrender after one or any number of rebuffs, and that the country, having once taken up the question, would not drop it till a final settlement had been reached. And to this determination England still stands.

It may as well be said at once that England can listen to no proposal of arbitration, and that even the Salisbury government, with its majority of 150, would be swept from office in a week by the mere suspicion of a willingness to compromise. It is not only that the fighting blood of the people is up; it is the consciousness that defeat—and any terms of defeat not dictated by England will be equivalent to a defeat—means the loss of South Africa, and with it the beginning of the end of the British Empire. England must either conquer in this war or perish. There can be no other alternative.

ON this point England speaks unanimously. All considerations as to how it has come about that the British Empire should be endangered by two insignificant South African republics yield to the central fact that it *is* endangered and must be extricated. To say that the long tale of defeats, the threats of foreign intervention, the rumors of Russian designs in one quarter and French preparations in another, and the open glorification in the Continental capitals over British reverses have merely served to crystallize the resolution of the people, is only to say that they are Englishmen behaving as Englishmen. Not the severest critic of the war, not Mr. Bryce or Mr. Leonard Courtney or Sir William Harcourt, not even Mr. Morley himself, would venture to propose any cessation of hostilities except on the basis of a British victory.

> Come the four corners of the earth in arms,
> And we will shock them,

is the temper of the people; and that temper will last and bear any strain that may be put upon it until British generals are dictating terms of peace in Pretoria. It is the inevitable attitude of an old and haughty nation in times of war.

BUT if we try to gauge the opinion of the British people before the war began, and find out what it will be when the war is over—discover, that is, what they thought, and are likely to think in the future, of the policy that brought on the war, of its justice and expediency—one cannot pretend that the nation is any longer undivided. It is probable that since the Jameson raid there has been a small knot of Englishmen who desired war and worked for it, some for purely stock-jobbing purposes, others because they wanted to "avenge Majuba Hill" and Doornkop, and believed that the military growth of the Transvaal was a menace to English rule that ought to be crushed, and the sooner the better. Admitting this, it is still a flagrant exaggeration to say, as Mr. John Morley says, that these men duped the country into a war "which is nothing but a gold-hunters' conspiracy." The Cecil Rhodes gang had just about as much influence, and no more, in bringing on the war as the Cuban bondholders had in luring the American people to fight Spain. Nevertheless, one has to set it down that there is a minority in England—a very small and, but for Mr. Morley's connection with it, a very insignificant minority—that believes that the war is simply the culmination of a sordid plot of English and foreign capitalists against the Transvaal, and at the expense of Great Britain; that England has been used as a mere pawn in a game of bulls and bears; and that not one of the Uitlander grievances was "worth the sacrifice of a brave, chivalrous life like General Wanchope's, or the cost of a single desolated home." The Parliamentary strength of this section does not amount to much. The Irish Nationalists would support it, of course, on principle, but among English members it could hardly muster a dozen followers, including Mr. Labouchere and his Little-Englanders.

AGAINST this clique and its views must be set the overwhelming mass of the English people, who have entered upon this war not in any spirit of greed or boastfulness, but convinced that it was an unhappy necessity that could not be shrunk from without loss of honor. In general they believe that the grievances of the Uitlanders were well founded, and that the government did right to take them up. Without being close critics of diplomacy or inveterate students of despatches and Blue Books, they have an impression that Mr. Kruger never intended granting any redress at all, and was merely shilly-shallying during the negotiations, to gain time. They believe that the cause they are fighting for is a just cause, quite apart from the fact that a few financiers are in sympathy with it; that neither gold-mines nor territory is the object aimed at, but rather that they are trying to relieve their fellow-subjects in the Transvaal from a sordid and oppressive oligarchy, and to secure for them those elementary rights of citizenship and that racial equality which England gives to the French in Canada, to the Dutch themselves in Cape Colony. They believe, too, that the Boers were hatching some sort of a conspiracy looking towards the overthrow of British ascendency in South Africa, and that the country is only discharging an imperial duty in getting rid of the danger spot; and believing these things, they accept the war, not with enthusiasm, but reluctantly, as an obligation from which there is no escape. Those, probably, are the views of six out of every ten Englishmen.

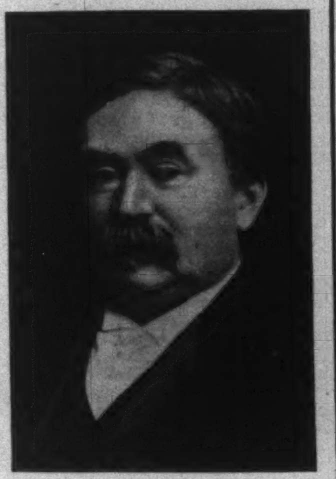
THERE is, however, a third section, holding opinions that forestall, as I cannot help thinking, the verdict of posterity, and is bound to win many converts in the next few months. Of this section, Mr. Bryce among the Liberals and Sir Edward Clarke among the Conservatives are the leaders, and the attitude they take up is, in a measure, the attitude of the bulk of the Liberal party. These gentlemen believe that the grievances of the Uitlanders were real and vexatious, and such as the home government was justified in seeking redress for. But they also hold that the time for entering upon the question was singularly ill chosen, that a few years more of patience would have allowed the memory of the Jameson raid to die away and given the reforming party among the Boers a chance to regather strength, and that all the natural forces were on the side of the Uitlanders, not the least of them being the great age of the President, and the certainty that his successor would have not one-tenth of his influence. They hold, too, that nothing is to be gained from the war that can outweigh the inevitable alienation of the Dutch colonists and the enormous difficulty of governing the Transvaal and Orange Free State. They are vigorous and unsparing critics of Mr. Chamberlain's diplomacy in setting to work by means of a semi-public conference, the break-down of which could only add to the ill feeling on both sides; in making the franchise the principal issue; in neglecting to establish a legal *casus belli*; in raising the irritating and profitless question of suzerainty; in writing ambiguous despatches just at the moment when the utmost clarity was called for; and in adopting throughout the negotiations a tone of menace highly injurious to the prospects of peace. In other words, they consider the war a gigantic and unnecessary blunder, which a more tactful diplomacy would have avoided. It is hardly necessary to add that if this diagnosis of popular sentiment be correct, Lord Salisbury's government stands a poor chance of victory at the next elections.

THE German Emperor is a very remarkable man. It was said of Louis Napoleon that he deceived Europe twice—first when he succeeded in passing himself off as an idiot, and next when he succeeded in passing himself off as a statesman. The Kaiser has certainly deceived Europe once. Only a few years ago it was his pose to be *l'enfant terrible* among sovereigns, to be perpetually startling the world by some freakish impulse, some grotesque oration, some new display of flashy versatility, and Europe hugged itself in apprehension of what he might be up to next. But we have grown used to the Kaiser now. The nervousness he once excited has died down, and underneath an odd covering of mediæval instincts and impetuous deed and word we are able to detect a really statesmanlike mind, and a supreme ability to turn every accident of international politics to his country's use. Using the word in its narrower sense, one might properly describe him as the most remarkable statesman in Europe. He is laughed at no longer; or if we are forced to an occasional smile, it embraces not the man, but only some odd way he has of displaying himself. Those amazing "mailed fist" speeches at Kiel, followed by the seizure of Kiao-chau, were typical of the imperial methods—the bombast and inflated rhetoric that beguiled the whole world with merriment and the sharp brilliant stroke of policy that brought its merriment to a sudden stop. Europe had one opinion of Louis Napoleon when he dawdled round English race-courses and gambling-houses, and another and very different opinion when he flashed upon the world as the author of the *coup d'état*. The two estimates hardly differed so greatly as people's judgment of the German Emperor in 1890 and their judgment of him in 1900.

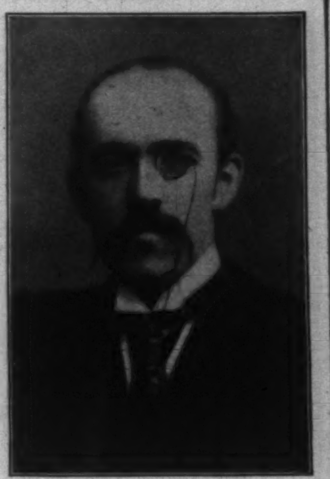
NOTHING except the imposing development of Russian policy in the Far East has been finer to watch, of late years, than the masterly and masterful fashion in which the Kaiser has transformed Germany from a European state into a world power. The German Empire is still only half a nation, and the Kaiser has not only been obliged to create and infuse a sense of oneness and common patriotism among his peoples, but to guide that spirit along the unaccustomed paths of naval and colonial expansion. In both he has admirably succeeded. Germany is the one Continental power to-day that feels itself on the top of the rising wave, that has the invigorating consciousness of a great destiny before it. The days, as Herr von Bülow said, when the German abandoned to one of his neighbors the earth, and to another the sea, and when he reserved for himself the heavens above, the throne of pure doctrinaire theory—those days are past. That is true, and the thanks for the change are due first of all to the Kaiser. The initiative has come from him. In England the demand for a large navy was forced upon the government by public opinion. In Germany it is the government, or rather the Emperor, that has educated public opinion up to the point of recognizing the necessity of colonies and a first-rate navy. The colonies, it is true, have not been a great success. Germany at present is too military a power in form and sentiment to colonize well. Togoland is self-supporting, the Cameroons are becoming so, the possessions on the east and southwestern coasts of Africa are progressing steadily, if slowly; but the others—New Guinea, the Bismarck Archipelago, and the Carolines—are doubtful assets. On the other hand, Germany has valuable holdings in Brazil and Argentina—the nucleus of a possible strife with the United States when over-crowded Europe bursts upon South America, and the Monroe doctrine is put to its first real test; she dominates Syria, and has a growing stake in China. But, on the whole, Greater Germany is important chiefly for its effect on the father-land in giving the Kaiser's subjects a common interest, and accustoming them to look beyond Europe to the ocean of *Weltpolitik*.

THE German navy, the second of the Kaiser's ambitions, is the youngest in the world, dating only from 1866. Yet it is already a more than respectable force, and has completely dispossessed Italy as the naval power of the Triple Alliance. The Kaiser has hastened on its growth with the deftness of the most astute electioneering agent. Hardly anything happens anywhere that he does not convert into an argument for more battle-ships. Now it is the striking expansion of German commerce that is made to serve as an excuse; now it is the growth of German shipping, which has more than doubled its tonnage and quadrupled its carrying power in the last twenty years, easily outdistancing the mercantile marine of France and the United States; now it is the Far-Eastern crisis, or the Spanish-American war, or the seizure of the *Bundesrath* and *Herzog* by the British. Whatever it may be, the Kaiser fastens upon it with admirable smartness as a handle to be used in crushing the opposition of Herr Richter and his Socialist allies to a new navy bill. More than six times as much is spent on the navy to-day as was doled out to it when the Kaiser first came to the throne, and it seems certain that when the present naval programme is completed, Germany will have a sea power second only to that of England. What does it all mean, and where is it going to end? The average German, at any rate, is in no doubt. The one country that has blocked Germany's path in every part of the globe, that has headed off her colonial growth, and forestalled her by a hundred years in the race for trade and empire, is England; and the average German, hating England with all the strength of his Teutonic heart, sees in these naval expenditures—and it is the only thing that reconciles him to them—the beginning of the great scheme for bringing England low. Bismarck used to liken war between Germany and England to a quarrel between a wolf and a shark, because neither combatant could get at the other. That was true at the time, but it will not be true in a short while. The wolf has taken to swimming lessons, and, as it so happens, the shark is disporting himself, though rather clumsily, on land.

AMONG the instructions supposed to have been bequeathed by Peter the Great for the guidance of Russian statesmen was one "to hasten the decay of Persia and penetrate to the Persian Gulf." The advice has been acted upon, whether it was ever given or not. Persia to-day is practically as much a Russian province as Manchuria. The bulk of its trade is passing away from English into Russian hands. A good deal of Indian produce still reaches Persia *viâ* the caravan tracks of Baluchistan, and some two-thirds of the Persian Gulf trade still belongs to England. But England's hold on the north, where her commerce was once without challenge, has been shaken off. Russia killed the northern traffic by heavy duties, and started a bounty-fed commerce of its own in the Caspian ports. Political action soon followed. Resht is virtually a Russian port. The Shah is obliged to fly the Russian flag when his steam-yacht leaves the harbor for the Caspian. From Resht to Kazvin, a town in the central plateau and on the highway to Teheran, runs a Russian railroad, laid down by Russian engineers and financed by the Russian government. The concessions for mining, road-making, and railways throughout Persia are all in Russian hands, or in the hands of their German and Belgian agents. The Russian consuls in the northern towns are powerful officials, and nothing is done at Teheran without consulting the Russian minister. The crack Persian corps in the capital are officered by Russians. English officials in the Shah's service have been jockeyed out of their places, English trading institutions wrecked, and Persia forbidden to raise loans in Lombard Street. Much of Russia's progress is due simply to the shortsightedness of British governments in the past. They had the chance in the fifties of making their position in Persia secure beyond all attack, and deliberately threw it away. The latest news shows how all but absolute is the Russian domination. The Russian government has authorized the Bank of Persia to take up a loan of $17,578,125, Russia guaranteeing the bonds, and receiving as security a lien on all the custom-house receipts of Persia except those of the Persian Gulf. Very much the same offer was made to England two years ago, and would have been accepted, but for Russian intervention at Teheran. There is no rumor now of any British protest against a loan that places Persia finally at the beck and call of the Czar; and yet the next demand must inevitably be for a Russian port on the Persian Gulf. If that demand is acquiesced in, England's power in the East will have received one of its deadliest blows.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
The London Vocal Instructor, at present lecturing in this Country.



HENRI DE RÉGNIER,
Lecturer to the "Cercle Français de l'Université Harvard" for 1900.

A National Employment Bureau

THE recommendation of Chief-Examiner Serven of the United States Civil Service Commission, in his annual report, for the establishment of a national employment bureau of the higher-class occupations deserves more attention than it has received. His plan is to offer an opportunity at all routine examinations for any one who has mastered a special branch to present himself and let his qualifications be tested, as far as answers to questions and samples of work would test them. If successful, his name would then be entered, with its rating, upon a register of eligibles, so that if, at any time within the next year, a vacancy should occur in a position under the government requiring a person of his particular abilities to fill it acceptably, he could be summoned without delay. In addition, the registers would be open to the inspection and use of private employers, so that a stock-farmer needing an assistant versed in veterinary science, or a publisher in search of a clerk who could read the Persian tongue, might with reasonable safety make his selection from a group tested by the government examiners.

The putting in operation of this proposed innovation may appear at first somewhat startling, but an analysis shows that it includes many distinct and practical merits. In the first place, the present system of civil service examinations is expensive, because it represents a maximum outlay to satisfy a minimum demand; the machinery has to be put in motion all over the country in order to procure one employee, which could just as easily be used in securing a dozen more. Moreover, it is always more expensive to install this machinery and set it going in response to a spasmodic demand than to make it a part of the routine equipment and keep it moving all the time with the same power as the rest. Again, the tendency of such an arrangement would be to popularize the merit system. Another feature will be to remedy the existing delays which appointing officers have to contend with when they make a demand for an expert in some branch of letters, science, or the arts for which no regular register is kept—they have been obliged to wait until the commission could advertise, prepare, and hold an examination, and mark the papers of the person examined. This process has often consumed several months, and in the mean time the emergency which suggested the demand has passed, or the place has been filled by an unsatisfactory temporary appointment. Still another effect of this proposed change would be a reform in salaries. If public and private employment were brought into closer contact, and more or less into competition, the government would presently be obliged, in self-defence, to put its salaries upon the same basis with those paid by other employers.

The plan suggested by Mr. Serven would not involve any radical new departure. If the practice became universal, some ultra-cautious economist might raise the cry of paternalism, and declaim against the government's going into a general intelligence-office business. Such a complaint would be as silly as a protest against the habit which has grown up among great corporations of filling their responsible offices with men whose executive capacity has been proved by a term of public life. If the government were to enter upon the business of holding examinations and making up eligible lists as a money-making scheme, or even if it were to undertake such work for the private benefit of any class of citizens, either employers or employees, there might be some force in the criticism. But as long as the government is obliged to go to the trouble and expense of sifting candidates for the five or ten thousand appointments which it must make every year, there is no reason why it should not do this on a plan which will save waste for itself and benefit the whole community.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa —[*Adv.*]

PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS.
PREPARATORY HINTS, Bathing, Clothing, Habits, Fresh Air, Second Summer, etc., are some of the subjects treated in "Babies," a book for young mothers, sent free by Borden's Condensed Milk Co., N. Y., who make Gail Borden Eagle Brand.—[*Adv.*]

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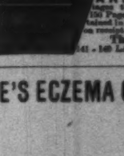

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City of Diamonds

BY EDGAR MELS,

FORMER EDITOR OF JOHANNESBURG "DAILY NEWS"

DISAPPOINTED fortune-seekers allege that South Africa is a place the good Lord has forgotten and the Evil One cannot find. To some extent this rather unkind assertion is true, but say what you will of the country as a place of habitation, as a mining country it is unequalled. This is especially true of Kimberley, the home of the diamond. It is a popular impression that precious stones grow on bushes there, and that they can be had for the shaking of the shrub. This is not so, although the writer did find a stone in Dutoitspan Road, opposite the Central Hotel, in the heart of the city.

But leaving aside for the moment the question of diamonds, Kimberley is a most interesting spot. "Befoah de wah, saw," it was an aggregation of low buildings of corrugated houses, unattractive externally, and most tremendously uncomfortable internally. Hot as the place whose existence Ingersoll denied in summer, and cold as the arctic in winter, they afforded unpleasant shelter for Kimberley's inhabitants. Still, there was some method in the madness that built the greater part of the town of iron—the necessity of saving money. For, like most other parts of South Africa, timber is very valuable in the Cape Colony; and besides, when Kimberley was built, the railroad extended only to De Aar, and every nail had to be carted two hundred miles over an arid karoo veldt. So to-day Kimberley looks squatty, corrugated, and metallic—what remains after the bombardment to which it has been subjected.

Just when diamonds were discovered in South Africa is somewhat of a mystery. The oldest inhabitant asserts that a missionary found a stone in Griqualand West in the eighteenth century. In more recent times a commercial traveller found, or rather bought, a stone from a Boer whose children were playing with it. The traveller took the stone to the governor of the colony and sold it for $2500. Shortly afterwards stones were found in the vicinage of the Vaal River, and the rush began.

From all parts of the world came adventurers, speculators, blacklegs, and the riff-raff of the earth. That was the beginning of Kimberley. Soon the claims on the banks of the river were all staked out, and so the prospectors sought for new fields, and soon located diamonds at the spot where Kimberley now stands.

Phœnixlike, a city arose—a city of tents, of houses, and of dugouts. And its inhabitants multiplied, and some prospered (at the expense of the others), and altogether Kimberley assumed the aspect of a human settlement. White men employed black men to delve in the ground for precious stones; other white men stole the stones still others had found, and when they were not caught, did a flourishing business in I. D. B.

By I. D. B. is meant illicit diamond buying, that is, buying diamonds known to have been stolen from the mines. The practice became so general that the Cape Parliament was forced to pass stringent laws against this evil, and soon a number of I. D. B.'s were busily engaged in constructing the government breakwater at Cape Town.

Many and devious were the ways of the I. D. B. The heathen Chinee of contemporaneous literature was a mere novice compared to the I. D. B. Hollow heels, revolvers and guns with receptacles in the barrels or stocks, double-bottomed bottles, and similar devices were utilized to get the stones out of the mines and the country.

It was common gossip that several of the so-called "diamond kings" and their satellites laid the foundations of their more or less vast fortunes in this manner, but as they were never caught, they must be considered innocent.

Gambling was the great curse of Kimberley. Anybody would wager on anything. Men would bet on a race between two flies, or the weight of some person, or anything whatsoever that had an element of chance. But the pre-eminent method of gambling was poker. Everybody played poker. Stakes were sovereigns, vulgarly known as "quids," and bets ran into the thousands.

The record bet was made in the early eighties, when a hotel-keeper, a doctor (the son-in-law of a famous American financier), and some others indulged in a friendly game. The last pot was a large one, and finally all save the hotel-keeper and the doctor threw down their hands. The other two raised and raised, until finally the hotel-keeper offered to bet a row of houses against twenty thousand pounds. The bet was taken.

The hotel-keeper won, with a pair of aces.

The Queen's Theatre, to the left of the Central Hotel, was a parody on its high-sounding name. Made of the usual corrugated iron, it lacked everything a theatre should contain. Its floor was flat, its seats hard, and its stage devoid of anything deemed essential to theatric productions. But, despite its shortcomings, some remarkable things happened within its walls. Companies culled from all parts of the globe played there. Plays of wonderful and fearful import were produced, and fate was tempted in more than one way.

Once a company came all the way from India to produce Shakspere. "Romeo and Juliet" was the play, the hero being played by a weak-voiced young man with a lisp, and the heroine by a lady, fair, fat, forty, and afflicted with false teeth.

Matters would not have been so bad if the teeth had been made by a dentist, but as it was they refused to stay where they belonged, and at the most impassioned moments would persist in striking out for themselves. The climax came in the balcony scene, when, overcome by emotion, the teeth made a wild leap, and landed in the foot-lights.

Another time a company produced "Faust," and the fat barytone playing *Mephisto* stuck fast in a trap. In fact, many a person went to the theatre only to witness the unexpected fun. The gallery gods were untamable, and made life miserable for the rest of the audience, and especially for the players; but the Queen's Theatre was the only place of amusement in town, and so was always crowded.

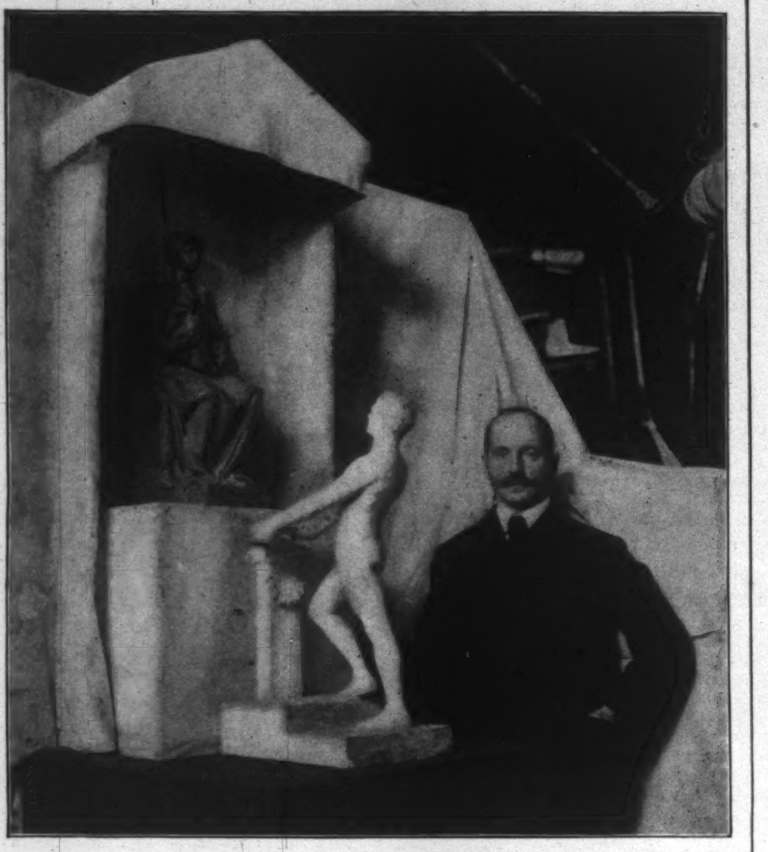
Right adjoining the Diamond Market, where Barnato Brothers, and Wernher, Beit, & Co., and S. Neuman & Co., and other millionaires have their offices, is a huge open hole, half a mile across the top and a thousand feet deep. It is the Central Mine; also known as the Kimberley. It is generally said to be the largest artificial hole in the world. It is an instructive place to visit, as a glimpse into its depths will show the peculiar formation of the diamondiferous soil.

At the top can be seen ordinary earth for a depth of five or ten feet. Then come twenty or thirty feet of yellow dirt, containing a few stones. Below this is the real diamond-bearing earth, greenish-blue in color, and highly poisonous. A bit of this dirt entering an open wound will bring on blood-poisoning within a few hours.

Every diamond-mine in South Africa is in reality an extinct crater. The soil is highly impregnated with sulphur, and when water touches it sulphurous fumes rise in clouds.

One interesting though sad feature of the Central Mine is its daily victims. Nearly every morning a dead Kafir, or sometimes a white man, is found at the bottom—accidents due to the fact that there is no fence around the hole, and that drunken men will lose their bearings. So, when such an accident does happen, a Kafir is lowered by a rope. He makes another line fast to the dead body, and it is hauled to the surface.

There is a car line, propelled by sleepy mules, running from Kimberley along Dutoitspan Road to Dutoitspan, a suburb. The day I arrived in Kimberley I beheld the apparition, and was mute. Tears—patriotic tears—gathered in my eyes; for, lo and behold! on the side of the car stood forth, in bold American letters, "Battery to Central Park." It was an old Broadway car, redolent with the perfume of Jake Sharpe—misunderstood man—and his Aldermen. The world is small, indeed, my masters!



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MR. THOMAS SHIELDS CLARK AND THE MODEL OF HIS STATUE, "TO ALMA MATER."

The statue is to be erected on the campus of Princeton University. The bronze figures will be of heroic size, and the monument will bear the inscription: "Almae Matri Amatissimae Fausta Felicia Filii Comprecamur Amantissimi."

MR. DOOLEY*

XVII.—ON THE CUSTOMS OF KENTUCKY

"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "'tis to see that th' gloryous ol' commonwealth iv Kentucky is itsilf again."

"How's that?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"F'r some time past," said Mr. Dooley, "they's been nathin' doin' that 'd make a meetin' iv th' Epworth Lague inthrestin'. Th' bystanders in Kentucky has been as safe as a journeyman highwayman in Chicago. Perfectly innocent an' unarmed men wint into th' State an' come out again without a bullet-hole in their backs. It looked f'r a while as if th' life iv th' ordn'ry visitor was goin' to be as harmless in Kentucky as in Utah, th' home iv th' desthroyers iv American domestic life. I dinnaw why it was, whether it was the influence iv our new citizens in Cubia an' th' Ph'lippeens or what it was, but annyhow th' on'y news that came out iv Kentucky was as peaceful. Hinnissy, as th' rayports iv a bloody battle in South Africa. But Kentucky, as Hogan says, was not dead, but on'y sleepin'. Th' other day that gran' ol' State woke up through two iv its foremost rapid-firin' citizens.

"They met be chanst in a hotel con-tagious to a bar. Colonel Derringer was settin' in a chair peacefully fixin' th' hammer iv his forty-four Colt gun, presinted to him be his constitooents on th' occasion iv his mim'rable speech on th' nicissity iv spreadin' th' civilization iv th' United States to th' end iv th' wur-ruld. Surroundin' him was Major Bullseye, a well-known lawyer, cattle-raiser, an' journalist iv Athens, Bulger County, whose destruction iv Captain Cassius Glaucus Wiggins at th' meetin' iv th' thrustees in th' Sicond Baptist Church excited so much comment among sportin' men three or four years ago; Gin'ral Rangefinder iv Thebes; Colonel Chivvy iv Sparta, who whittled Major Lycurgus Gam, iv Thermopylæ, down to th' wish-bone at th' antipolygamous meetin' las' June, an' other well-known gintlemen.

"Th' party was suddenly confronted be Major Lyddite iv Carthage an' a party iv frinds, who were in town for th' purpose iv pretectin' the suffrage again' any pollution but their own. Colonel Derringer an' Major Lyddite had been inimies f'r siveral months, iver since Major Lyddite, in an attimpt to desthroy wan iv his fellow-citizens, killed a cow belongin' to th' janial Colonel. Th' two gintlemen had sworn f'r to slay each other at sight or thirty days, an' all Kentucky society had been on what Hogan calls th' quee veev, or lookout, f'r another thrageedy to be added to th' long list iv sim'lar ivints that marks th' histhry iv th' Dark an' Bloody Groun', which is a name given to Kentucky be her affectionate sons.

"Without a wur-rud or a bow both gintlemen dhrew on each other an' begun a deadly fusillade. That is, Hinnissy, they begun shootin' at th' bystanders. I'll tell ye what th' pa-apers said about it. Th' two antagonists was in perfect form, an' well sustained th' reputation iv th' State f'r acc'rate workmanship. Colonel Derringer's first shot caught a boot an' shoe drummer fr'm Chicago square in th' back, amid consid'rable applause. Major Lyddite tied th' scoor be nailin' a scrub-woman on th' top iv a ladder. Th' man at th' traps sprung a bell-boy, whom th' Colonel on'y winged, thus goin' back wan, but his second barrel brought down a book-canvasser fr'm New York, an' this bein' a Jew man, sint him ahead three. Th' Major had an aisy wan f'r th' head waiter, nailin' him jist as he jumped into a coal-hole. Four all. Th' Colonel thried a difficult polisman, lamin' him. Thin th' Major turned his attintion to his own frinds, an' made three twos in succession. The Colonel was not so forch'nate. He caught Major Bullseye an' Captain Wiggins, but Gin'ral Rangefinder was safe behind a barber's pole, an' Colonel Chivvy fluttered out iv range. Thus th' scoor was tin to six at th' conclusion iv th' day's spoort, in favor iv Major Lyddite. Unforch'nately th' gallant Major was onable f'r to reap th' reward iv his excellent marksmanship, f'r in a vain indeavor f'r a large scoor he chased th' barber iv th' sicond chair into th' sthreet, an' there slippin' on a banana peel, fell an' sustained injuries from which he subsequently died. In him th' counthry loses a valu'ble an' acc'rate citizen, th' State a lile an' rapid-firin' son, an' society a leadin' figure, his meat-market an' grocery bein' wan iv th' largest outside iv Minerva. Some idee iv th' acc'racy iv th' fire can be gained fr'm th' detailed scoor, as follows: Lyddite, three hearts, wan lung, one kidney, five brains. Derringer, four hearts, two brains. This has seldom been excelled. Among th' minor casu'lties resultin' fr'm this painful but delightful soiree was th' followin: Erastus Haith Muggins, kilt be jumpin' fr'm th' roof; Blank Cassidy, hide an' pelt salesman fr'm Chicago, burrid undher victims; Captain Epaminondas Lucius Quintus Cassius Marcellus Xerxes Cyrus Bangs, iv Hoganpolis, Hamilcar Township, Butseen County, died iv hear-rt-disease whin his scoor was tied. Th' las' named was a prominent leader in society, a crack shot, an' a gintlemen iv th' ol' school without fear an' without reproach. His son succeeds to his lunch-car. Th' others don't count.

"'Twas a gr-reat day f'r Kentucky, Hinnissy, an' it puts th' gran' ol' State two or three notches ahead iv anny sim'lar community in th' wur-ruld. Talk about th' Boer war an' th' campaign in th' Ph'lipeens! Whin Kentucky begins f'r to shoot up her fav'rite sons, they'll be more blood spilled thin thim two play wars 'd spill between now an' th' time whin Ladysmith's relieved f'r th' las' time an' Agynaldoo is r-run up a three in th' outermost corner iv Hoar County, state iv Luzon. They's rale shootin' in Kentucky, an' whin it begins, iverybody takes a hand. 'Tis th' on'y safe way. If ye thry to be an onlooker, an' what they calls a non-combatant, 'tis pretty sure ye'll be taken home to ye'er fam'ly lookin' like a cribbage-board. So th' thing f'r ye to do is to be wan iv th' shooters ye'ersilf, load up ye'er gun, an' whale away f'r th' honor iv ye'er counthry."

"'Tis a disgrace," said Mr. Hennessy. "Where were th' polis?"

"This was not th' place f'r polisman," said Mr. Dooley. "I suspict, though, fr'm me knowledge iv th' kind iv man that uses fire-ar-rms, that if some wan 'd had th' presence iv mind to sing out, 'They's a man at th' bar that offers to buy dhrinks f'r th' crowd,' they'd be less casu'lties fr'm bullets, though they might be enough people kilt in th' r-rush to even it up. But whin I read about these social affairs in Kentucky, I sometimes wish some spool-cotton salesman fr'm Matsachoosets, who'd be sure to get kilt whin th' shootin' begun, wud go down there with a baseball bat an' begin tappin' th' gallent gintlemen on th' head befure breakfast an' in silf-definse. I'll bet ye he'd have thim jumpin' through thransoms in less thin two minyits; f'r ye can put this down as thrue fr'm wan that's seen manny a shootin', that a man, barrin' he's a polisman, on'y dhrawes a gun whin he's dhrunk or afraid. Th' gun fighter, Hinnissy, tin to wan, is a cow'rd."

"That's so," said Mr. Hennessy. "But it don't do to take anny chances on."

"No," said Mr. Dooley; "he might be dhrunk." F. P. DUNNE.

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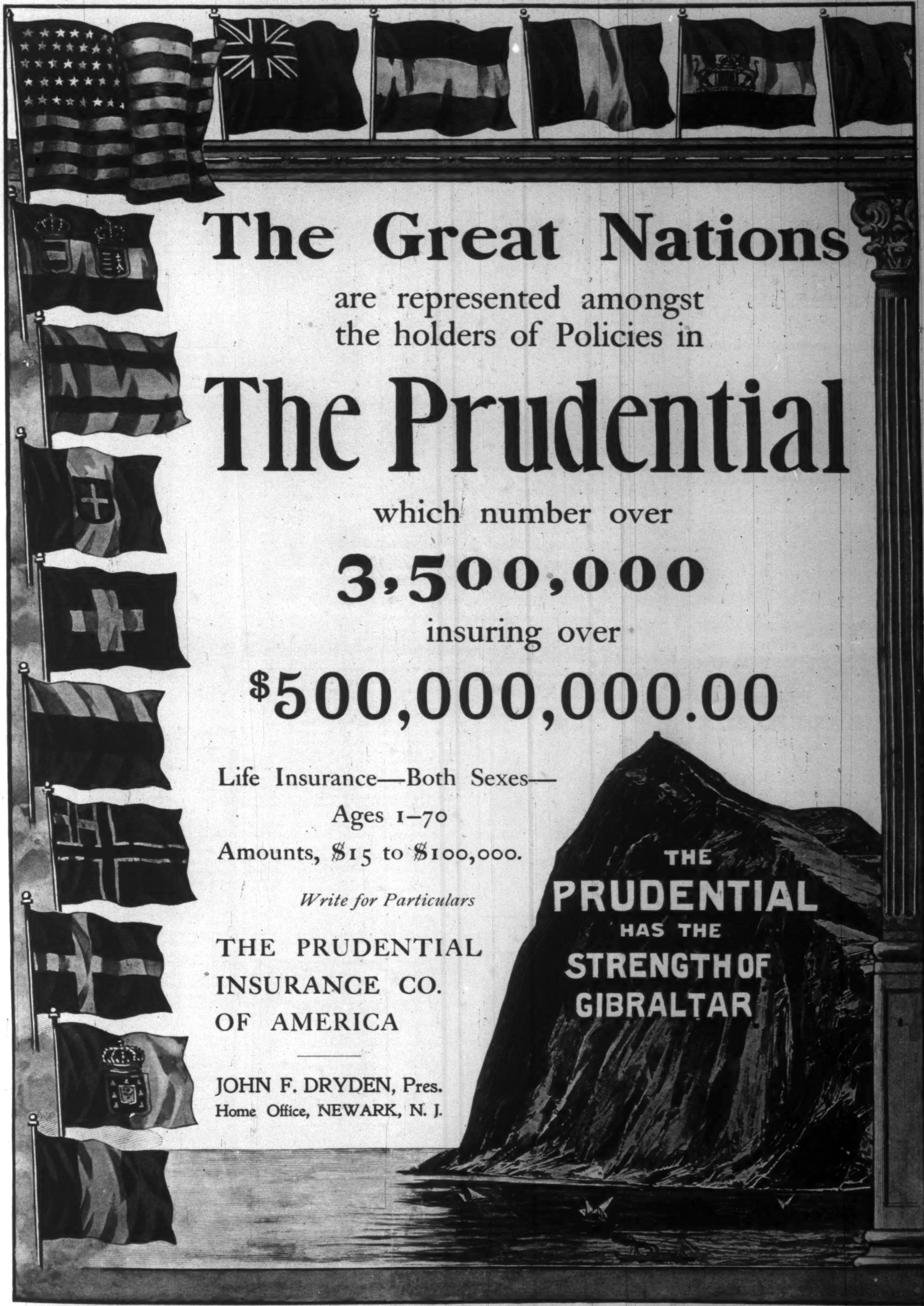
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CAPT. CHARLES A. HENSLEY,

Royal Dublin Fusiliers, mortally wounded in action, January 20.

Captain Hensley was a native of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, and one of the first Americans to be killed in the South-African War.

News of Warfare

I.—IN THE PHILIPPINES

WE have already referred to the navy's part in the southern Luzon campaign, but a despatch from Rear-Admiral Watson to the Navy Department adds interesting details of the capture of Taal, which was described last week. It now appears from the admiral's account that the *Marietta*, with Green commanding, took up a position in the Seno de Balayan, close to the narrow strip of land which separates Lake Taal from the bay, and enfiladed the insurgents' trenches at about sixteen hundred yards. A landing-party, under Lieutenant Price, with a Colt gun, also co-operated with the army in the assault which carried the town.

On January 21 an important engagement occurred at San Diego, near San Pablo, six companies belonging to General Schwan's column driving a force of five hundred men from their entrenchments, killing sixty-seven and wounding many. One American was killed and fourteen were wounded. A battalion operating at another point, not far away, came upon one hundred of the enemy in an entrenched position and routed them. Here two Americans were wounded.

On the 23d General Schwan moved against the town of Majayjay, southeast of Santa Cruz, and three days later General Otis was able to report that Hayes's cavalry had driven the enemy out of Tayabas, the last important place in southeastern Luzon before one reaches the Camarines peninsula. Again we heard stories of rescued Spanish prisoners, of fugitive bands taking a few American captives with them into the mountains, and of hostiles readily transforming themselves into "friends," and, as General Otis put it, "seeking their homes at Tayabas." Four of the men under Hayes were killed and two wounded.

"It is believed," General Otis cabled, "that the insurgents are widely dispersed. The country is now covered by troops." His expression had reference, of course, to the country south of Laguna de Bay; but the fact was that with these latest gains in the southeast our troops had now penetrated nearly every region of the great island, from Aparri in the extreme north to Camarines. For the first time, therefore, it was possible to make plans for effectively asserting American authority in every province of Luzon, with full knowledge of the problem in all its phases.

It was evident that the Tagalogs could easily be prevented from assembling another army and reorganizing their government—that there could never be another Malolos or Tarlac; but beside this fact stood another fact equally important, challenging attention. The annoyance of guerilla warfare in the northern, central, and southern provinces, and in the Visayan Islands as well, showed little or no sign of abating; we had no reason to expect that it would altogether cease so long as the scattered bands in the forests and among the mountains feared punishment for the part they had taken against the United States, and hoped that, if they could only hold out long enough, the independence of their country would be secured through the influence of the anti-expansionist party in America. For our administration, the next step logically was the issuance of a proclamation granting amnesty to all Filipinos in insurrection against the United States, on the condition that they should lay down their arms. Accordingly we find that towards the end of the month a suggestion in regard to such a measure was offered and very favorably entertained at Washington.

II.—IN SOUTH AFRICA

General Buller's despatch from Spearman's Camp, January 27, gave a characteristic version of the failure to hold the key of the Boer position, after it had been captured by a night attack on January 23. "The perimeter of Spion Kop was found to be too large, and water, which General Warren had been led to believe existed in this extraordinarily dry season was found very deficient." Again, as in his previous despatches, Sir Redvers praised his troops for their great gallantry, especially mentioning the conduct of the Second Cameronians and the Third King's Rifles, who, when they were sent to re-enforce the garrison, fought their way to the top, climbing the mountain from the steepest side. As for the Second Lancashire Fusiliers, the Second Middlesex, and Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, whose exposed position was described in the last number of the WEEKLY, they "magnificently maintained the best traditions of the British army throughout the trying day."

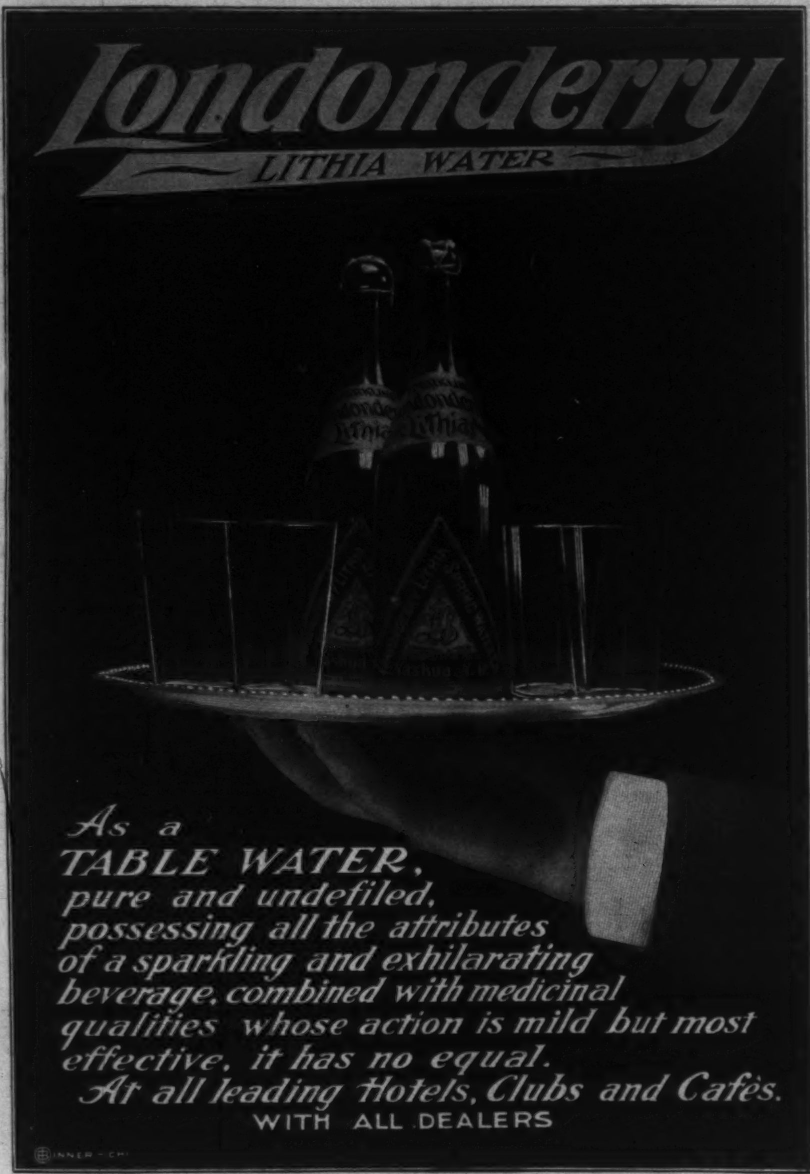
Buller reached Warren's camp, it appears, at five o'clock in the morning of January 25, and decided that a second attack on Spion Kop was useless, and that the Boers' right was so strong that he could not force it. Accordingly he ordered a retreat. "At 6 A.M.," he says, "we commenced withdrawing the train, and by 8 A.M., January 27, Warren's force was concentrated south of the Tugela, without the loss of a man or a pound of stores. The fact that the force could withdraw from actual touch (in some cases the lines were less than a thousand yards apart) with the enemy in the manner it did is, I think, sufficient evidence of the morale of the troops; and that we were permitted to withdraw our cumbrous ox and mule transport across the river, eighty-five yards broad, with twenty-foot banks and a very swift current, unmolested, is, I think, proof that the enemy has been taught to respect our soldiers' fighting powers."

To speak quite frankly, it was the general opinion that the Boers had not been taught anything of importance in this school on the banks of the Tugela; but there was truly a lesson for all men in the quiet and courageous acceptance of the facts when the report of disaster was received on the banks of the Thames. There was positively no attempt to minimize the gravity of the situation; it was acknowledged that the most serious effort of the war had failed; leaders of public opinion showed that they were ready to face the actual difficulties and resolved to find a way out. A new effort was demanded, and public opinion insisted that it should be commensurate. "The Boers have been given time to prepare against an advance through the Free State," said one of the London papers, "and we have not sufficient strength at present to undertake this advance with any safety.... The plain truth is that we will have to make a new army somehow from somewhere. We need at least 100,000 more men—50,000 to re-enforce the Cape, and 50,000 in reserve." With or without this re-enforcement, the British generals (such was the opinion in the capital of the empire) would be obliged to revert to the original plan, namely, a movement northward from Cape Town or Port Elizabeth upon Bloemfontein and Pretoria, gathering in the baffled columns from left and right, and drawing away the investing forces from Kimberley and Ladysmith by carrying the war into Boer territory. In fact, the first campaign had practically ended.

And at its end the most memorable comments were made. The Parliament, reassembling for its deliberations at this anxious time, listened to a message from the Queen, which contained these words: "I am deeply grieved that so many valuable lives should have fallen a sacrifice, but I have witnessed with pride and with heartiest gratification the patriotic eagerness and spontaneous loyalty with which my subjects in all parts of my dominions have come forward to share in the common defence of their imperial interests. I am confident I shall not look to them in vain when I exhort them to sustain and renew their exertions until they have brought this struggle for the maintenance of the empire and the assertion of its supremacy in South Africa to a victorious conclusion." The Marquis of Lansdowne, Secretary of State for War, admitted in the House of Lords that the British government had been misled by the intelligence department, which had underestimated the fighting power of the federals. "The Boer forces," he added, "have shown an amount of resource, mobility, and tenacity upon which the government did not calculate." Lord Salisbury referred to the experience of the Northern States in the early days of our civil war, warning Parliament, and through Parliament the nation, not to draw a mistaken inference from the reverses met at the outset. "We have every ground," he said, "to think that if we set ourselves heartily to work, and exert all the undoubted instruments of the power we possess, we shall bring the war to a satisfactory conclusion."

Here the penultimate word deserved particular attention. A "satisfactory conclusion" might be an early termination of the struggle, in a peace honorable to both contestants; and, leaving out of consideration the most violent partisans, no student of the situation could look forward to a conclusion as "satisfactory" which should involve the utter defeat and humiliation of either Briton or Boer.

MARRION WILCOX.



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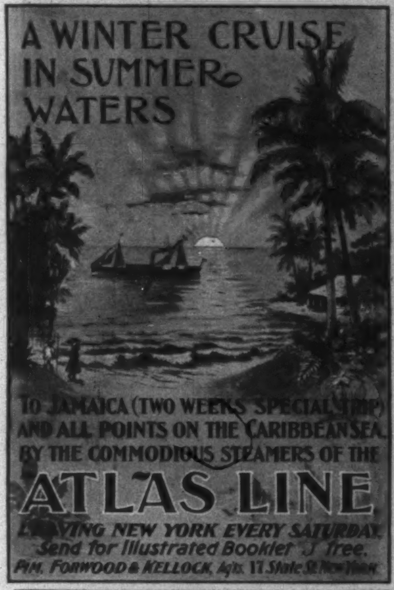

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The World of Finance

THE most significant feature of the financial situation for some time has been the ease of the money-market the world over, in contrast with the stringency of a few weeks ago. The Bank of England, having drawn to itself a new supply of gold, put down its discount rate from 6 to 4 per cent. in the course of three weeks, and the general market rate became three and a fraction. Bills were readily accepted for discount, and this relaxed the whole loan-market, and money was to be had on call for 2 per cent. London no longer trying to draw gold from the Continent, a similar condition of ease followed at Paris, Berlin, Antwerp, and Amsterdam. Moreover, the disbursements of the beginning of the year had made money more plentiful in the European capitals.

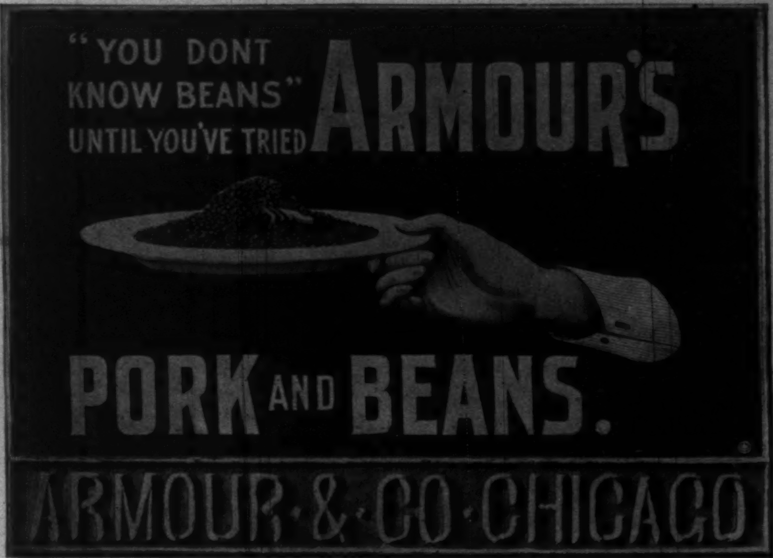
The abundance of money in the market was not the sole cause of greater ease and lower rates. The difference in stock-market conditions had its effect. The flurry of December, which had resulted in liquidation on a large scale and the disappearance of speculative values, not only brought the general level of prices down, but caused a reaction which made the Stock Exchange unusually quiet. Securities had been bought at the lower prices for investment, and were held out of the market, and the volume of transactions on the Exchange in the last full week of January was scarcely one-fourth of what it had been in the most active week of December. It took less money to "carry" stocks, and there was less shifting about of loans. There was, furthermore, some slackening in certain lines of manufacturing and commercial business, and the demand for money in those channels was somewhat reduced.

While the stock-market continued inactive, it was slowly gaining in strength. There was little trading in the shares of the leading railroads, which are held firmly for investment, but transactions in bonds gradually increased with improving prices, which was a natural result of lower interest rates in the money-market. There were signs that some of the profits of last year's business were being realized in cash and put into permanent forms of investment, instead of being used to extend the operations by which they had been earned. Speculation was confined almost wholly to industrial stocks, in which those of the Sugar Refining Company and some of the steel companies figured prominently. There was a general advance in the prices of the leading "industrials," and the market may have been slightly affected by a decision of the Supreme Court of Illinois holding the "anti-trust" law of that State invalid. The traction stocks of Manhattan and Brooklyn showed in the advance of the industrials, and gained in strength in the face of plans for new tunnels and bridges for rapid transit in New York.

The varying fortunes of the South-African war seem to have lost their effect in this country. Unfavorable and favorable reports from Natal and Cape Colony produced little change in the stock-market. The buying and selling movements in London, so far as American securities are concerned, were promptly met here and caused no agitation. The general feeling seems to have settled down to a conviction that Great Britain has a protracted contest on her hands, but cannot fail to win in the end, and in the mean time our interests cannot be seriously affected in any unfavorable way.

Outside of the stock and money markets the conditions in this country continue very hopeful. As the statistics of 1899 are brought together, they indicate an unexampled year of prosperity. The iron and steel product is perhaps the best index of this, and the report of the Iron and Steel Association shows that our production of iron last year was 13,620,703 tons, an increase of about 2,000,000 tons over the previous year, and 4,000,000 over 1897. It now exceeds by 5,000,000 that of Great Britain, which up to 1890 led the world in iron production. Reports of railroad traffic and earnings afford the same indication of general activity in industry and trade, and these reports are continuing favorable into the present year. Last year's statistics of foreign trade show a falling off in exports and an increase in imports, with a larger proportion of manufactured goods in the former than before. This indicates increased consumption of various kinds at home and a growing ability to compete with foreign countries in manufactures for distribution beyond the home market. This is a sign of industrial and commercial maturity as well as vigor.

A. K. Fiske.



The February design of our $1000 Prize Calendar (size 10 x 14), same as appears in TRUTH in colors, will be mailed to any address on receipt of "star" cut from our Pork and Beans label.

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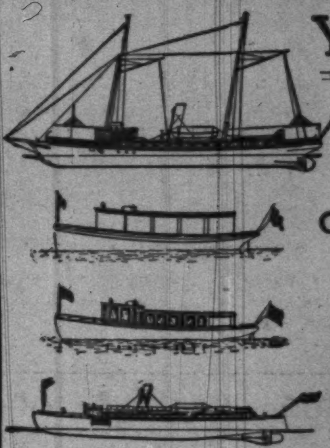

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